

THE  
LONDON REVIEW,  
FOR MAY, 1779.

*A Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works; Being a Collection of Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by the Dean, Dr. Delany, Dr. Sheridan, Mrs. Johnson, and others, his intimate Friends. Vol. II.\* with Notes, and an Index by the Editor. 8vo. 6s, Payne.*

The lovers of *wit* and *whim*, lie under great obligations to Mr. Nichols, the ingenious editor of this supplement, for his indefatigable endeavours to form a complete edition of the works of the celebrated Dean Swift: it is possible, however, that men of *sense* and *science*, may not think themselves, or the world, under equal obligations to him, for such laudable industry. *Vive la bagatelle!* was the Dean's motto, and it is a moral, that, both in a physical and political sense, may have its use; but matters of serious concern, and of more important utility, are not, therefore, to be held in an inferior light, or turned into ridicule, as contemptible.† We are led to this reflection,

\* This volume forms the twenty-fifth of the collection in large octavo. Equally complete editions are now also printed in fourteen volumes in quarto, twenty-seven vols. small octavo, and in twenty-seven volumes in eighteens: the latter volumes, in any of the sizes, to be had separately, in order to complete sets.

† Lord Chesterfield, indeed, tells us, that Dean Swift's *bagatelles* are much more valuable than other people's. This may be true, for indeed they do not appear to be so pernicious as those of his lordship, and yet they are, after all, but *bagatelles*. Lord Bacon's remark, cited by our editor, from his tract *de Augm. Scient.* "that Letters, written by wise men, are, of all the works of man, the best," is, in our opinion, less applicable to the epistolary correspondence of Dean Swift, than it would be to most other writers of equal eminence; for, setting aside the obvious distinction between *wisdom* and *wit*, his Lordship is there speaking of *scientific* wisdom, to which Dr. Swift had little or no pretensions. Indeed, the best reason, and the only tolerable good one, for preserving a number of trifling articles inserted in this collection, is that assigned by the editor, viz. "That it was thought it would be an agreeable entertainment to the *curious*, to see *how* *eddy* a man of his great wit and humour could now and then descend to amuse himself with his particular friends." That the Dean himself, however, did not look upon these

tion, from this witty writer's taking every occasion that offers, to depreciate the study of the sciences, and that for no other apparent reason than his own ignorance of them. This ignorance, which appeared early in life to be invincible, seems to have generated in him a kind of malignity toward every thing scientific; a humour which he gratified to a great degree in his famous voyage to Laputa; but, from whatever hand he borrowed the materials for that satire, the want of propriety, in their application, renders their sarcasm pointless, which of course falls to the ground *telum imbelles idu*; proving that no man should attempt to ridicule *false* science, who is ignorant of the true. § We are warranted on good grounds to infer this to have been the case with Dr. Swift: of which the following anecdote, recorded by way of note, in the present publication, is an instance.

"When the Dean was at Holyhead, waiting for a wind, one Weldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it: to which the Dean answered, in writing, that, if he had found it out, he must apply to the lords of the admiralty, of whom perhaps one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his own uncle Godwin, see Vol. XVII. p. 537.) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or other might happen to him."

There seems to be a cruelty in this cutting joke, which indicates, that the pride of Swift was mortified by an application, reminding him of that ignorance; of which he affected, nevertheless, through vanity, to make a boast. To treat an old, and, therefore, no doubt, an experienced mariner, enquiring after the discovery of the longitude, as one of those chimerical projectors, who, proceeding upon false and unscientific principles, merit only ridicule and contempt, was a piece of arrogance or ill-nature, that we can account for only from the above-men-

trifles in so insignificant a light, but had as high opinion of them as his admirer Chesterfield, is plain, if Dr. Delany was right, in saying, "there are few things he [Dr. Swift] ever wrote, that he did not wish to be published at one time or other."

† Witness the disgraceful manner in which he obtained his bachelor-of-art's degree, on a third examination, in the university of Dublin, for want of attaining the necessary acquaintance with a few of the first principles of geometry.

§ It is not for superficial wits and dabblers in literature to sit in judgment on even pretenders to the arts and sciences; of which they themselves have no knowledge. Their ridicule, however heightened by the powers of wit and humour, recoils, on reflection, with double force on themselves. Nay, even in morals wit hath as little to do as in the mathematics. Did the character of the buffoon *Aristophanes*, or that of the sage *Socrates*, suffer most by the theatrical exhibition of the latter, by the former, in a situation similar to that of boys building castles in the air, or Sancho Pancho tossed in a blanket?

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tioned motive, or from his natural disposition to jest and trifle ; in the indulgence of which, this extraordinary man often sacrificed good manners, and sometimes the ties of friendship and humanity, and even the sacred interests of religion. For the honour of the Dean's moral, as well as literary character, this anecdote should be suppressed : for, though it is not necessary, that a *divine* should be a great *mathematician*, it is certainly scandalous, for a man of academical education, a dignitary in the church, and a professed politician into the bargain, to be *totally ignorant of navigation* ! We do not believe that there is, at this time, to be found either in England or Ireland, a church dignitary, so little acquainted with geography, astronomy, or even geometry, as to be thus totally ignorant of the theory of navigation. In favour of Swift, however, we will for the present, allow, that *wit*, like *charity*, covereth a multitude of sins. We shall proceed accordingly to specify the contents of this second part of Mr. Nichols's Supplement, in the same manner as we did the first. The titles of the several pieces, contained in it, are as follow.

The present State of Wit, [by Mr. Gay.]

A modest Enquiry into the Reasons of the Joy, expressed by a certain Set of People, upon the spreading of a Report of her Majesty's death,

The History and Contents of the "Tale of a Tub."

The Right of Precedence between Physicians and Civilians enquired into.

A Defence of English Commodities.

Modest Defence of The Lady's Dressing-room.

The Drapier's Letter to the good People of Ireland, 1745.

#### *Epistolary Correspondence.*

- I. Mr. Gay and Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.
  - II. To Mr. Worrall.
  - III. Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.
  - IV. To John Barber, Esq.
  - V. Mr. Pilkington to Mr. Bowyer.
  - VI. Ditto to ditto.
  - VII. Ditto to ditto.
  - VIII. Ditto to ditto.
  - IX. Mr. Faulkner to Mr. Bowyer.
- Omissions and corrections in Vol. XVIII.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ in Vol. XIX.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ in Vol. XX.

Account of the pen-knife with which Mr. Harley was stabbed, by Deane Swift, Esq.

A Narrative of the several Attempts, which the Dissenters of Ireland have made for the Repeal of the Sacramental Test.

*Poems by Dr. Swift and his Friends.*

Peace and Dunkirk.

An excellent new Song, being the intended Speech of a famous Orator against Peace.

The Glorious Warrior.

Horace, Book I. Ep. V. Dennis's Invitation to Steele.

A further Hue and Cry after Dr. Swift.

The Widow and her Cat, a Fable.

When the Cat's away, the Mice may play, a Fable.

A Ballad on Ballyspellin.

An Answer to the Christmas-box, in Defence of Dr. Delany, by Rupert Barber.

Verfes by Lord Carteret, on a Window in Dublin-castle, under two Lines of Swift.

A Friendly Apology for a certain Justice of Peace.

A Riddle, on a Shadow in a Glass.

A Riddle, on a Candle. To Lady Carteret.

A well-known Simile parodied.

Verfes to Francis Bindon, Esq. Written in the Year 1744, by Deane Swift, Esq.

Epitaph for Dr. Swift.

Verfes to the Memory of Dr. Swift.

Occasional Notices of Dr. Swift.

Epigram on two great Men.

Biographical Anecdotes of Dr. Swift.

Dr. Swift's Remarks on Gibbs's Psalms.

Additions and Corrections to Vols. XXIV. XXV.

List of spurious Pieces.

Of the following letter from Lord Bolingbroke, our editor informs us, that, though some fragments of it have been before separately printed, they do not nearly make up the whole, which is here preserved entire, from a copy undoubtedly genuine. Indeed the Dean, in his answer, printed in his works, acknowledges the receipt of "a travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions."

*Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729, N. S.*

"I took a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place, that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day: when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to-bed with the chicken.

*Brussels, Sept. 27, N. S.*

"I have brought your French\* acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she

\* Lady Bolingbroke.



was when she went to Aix. I begin<sup>to</sup> entertain hopes, that she will recover such a degree of health, as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce*? Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of *Harlequin*, *Scaramouch*, and Dr. *Baloardo*, the prototype of your hero Oxford. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and shall find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forwards. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland. I could complain of mine too in England; but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find, by long experience, that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montaigne does something like it in one of his rhapsodies: to tell you my reasons, would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but, if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I will shew you in an instant, why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending, without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex,\* you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune hath appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at.

Ostend, Oct. 5.

"And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged. Since I am likely to wait here for a wind, I shall have leisure to talk with you more than you will like perhaps. If that should be so, you will never tell it me grossly; and my vanity will secure me against taking a hint,

\* Dawley, near Hounslow-Heath.

" In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his *exit*, than at his entrance into life ; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural ; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means ; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order ; you propose fame as the end ; and good, or at least great actions are the means. You go further : you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names ; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own : I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

*Calais, Oct. 9.*

" I go on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to sea, which I could not do from the port of Ostend.

" Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent ; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps, it may appear, from a consideration on the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion, or this direction of self-love, in to your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *contemptus fama contemni virtute*.\* But now, whether we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or, to speak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us : towards our *exit*, this scene of action is, or should be, closed ; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing, which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure ; when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age ; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

*From my Farm, Oct. 5, O. S.*

" I am here ; I have seen Pope, and one of my first enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear : you are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland.† Though I have built in a

\* From slighting the opinion of the world, we proceed to a disregard of virtue.

† In the county of Armagh, the celebrated spot called Drapier's Hill.

part of the world, † which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill-fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution ; and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Pope tells me he has a letter of yours, which I have not seen yet. I shall have that satisfaction shortly, and shall be tempted to scribble to you again, which is another good reason for making this epistle no longer than it is already. Adieu, therefore, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you as ever they did on any man who lived to be old ! and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in !

“ My wife desires not to be forgotten by you ; she is faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned, and disappointed, not to find you in this island at her return ; which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.”

Of the *biographical anecdotes*, in addition to the life of Swift, by Dr. Hawkesworth, the editor observes, “ that the papers, whence most of them are extracted, were put into his hands by a friend, who had accidentally met with them without knowing by whom they were written ; but are certainly the productions of a person well informed, and probably an intimate of the Dean's. They consist of an interleaved copy of Dr. Hawkesworth's “ Life of Swift,” with numerous corrections and additions in almost every page ; and appear to have been written about July, 1765. As the facts contained in them are curious, and have every internal mark of authenticity to recommend them, the editor would have thought himself culpable in with-holding from the reader, what, he believes, will afford both entertainment and information.”

It were to be wished, that our judicious editor had given a leading word or two to each article of moment, that might enable the reader to peruse them to advantage, without having the several volumes immediately at hand, which he cannot now do. We shall select a few of them, however, which may afford some entertainment, even under that disadvantage. The following, respects the reputation of the Dean's mother, of whom had been suggested an improper intimacy with Sir William Temple, and is said to be extracted from a private letter from Dean Swift, Esq. to our editor.

“ Happy for the reputation of Swift's mother, it was quite, nay, absolutely, impossible, she could have had any connexion or intrigue with Sir William Temple. For, Sir William was constantly resident at Brussels, as appears from his correspondence with the ministers of state in England, from September, 1665, until the January after Dr. Swift was born : and Swift's mother, immediately after her mar-

\* Dawley, in the county of Middlesex.

riage, went over to Ireland, where his sister was born about a year, I suppose, or thereabouts, before her brother; and her husband having died a very young man, about the time of the Spring assizes, in the year 1667, she was invited to my grandfather, counsellor Swift's house in Dublin. And, as I have been told, and believe it to be true, she was then so young with child, that, properly speaking, she was not aware of it; and the Doctor was born at my grandfather's house the 30th of November following. How soon after the Doctor's birth his mother returned to Leicester, where, I think, she was born, I cannot exactly say; but at Leicester she spent the remainder of her days, and lived to be an old woman. Her husband, immediately after marriage, purchased for her a small annuity, which, together with the presents she frequently received from her husband's brothers, and especially from counsellor Swift the eldest brother, made her so easy in her circumstances, that she told Miss Swift (afterwards Mrs. Whiteway, my wife's mother, who in her return from London to Ireland, in the year 1705 or 6, went to Leicester on purpose to make her a visit) she was so easy in her then circumstances and way of life, that she was perfectly happy and content. This account I had from Mrs. Whiteway's own mouth, who always spoke of her in a very respectful manner. Neither was Swift's mother ever out of the English dominions, *excepting in Ireland*, during her whole life."

To the account, given in the former volumes of the celebrated Vanessa, to whom the Dean's behaviour was apparently cruel, and in every light very problematical, the editor instructs us to add the following.

"Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, and her sister Mary, were daughters of an eminent merchant, who came from Amsterdam, and settled in Dublin, where he died in 1703. He was appointed muster-master-general, and a commissioner of the revenue, by King William. After his death in 1709, Mrs. Vanhomrigh retired to England, where she saw the best company, and was visited by ladies of the first quality. This appears from letters of Dr. Swift, in the journal way, to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley. See Feb. 26, and March 1, 1710-11.

"Mrs. Vanhomrigh\* must have had a considerable fortune, to enable her to live among people of high rank. She died in London in 1714; and left some debts unpaid, which did not affect her daughters' fortunes. But Miss Esther, who administered to her will, was very uneasy, lest she should be obliged to pay all her mother's debts when the year was out: and she wrote to the Dean upon that head. He answered her, 'You can only pay what you receive. You are answerable for no more;' and then desires her, if she wants money, to go to Mr. Barber or Ben Tooke, which she pleases, and to let them know, that he will stand bound for any sums she

\* By a letter of Mr. Prior, dated Paris, Aug. 5, 1713, this lady appears to have had an extravagant son: "Vanhomrigh has run terribly here in debt; and, being in durance, has sent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns."

wants. It appears, from these two lines in the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, that she had a considerable fortune :

Five thousand guineas in her purse,  
The Doctor might have fancy'd worse.

“ And yet he refused the generous offers she made of her love, though she was young, beautiful, and rich :

“ Cadenus many things had writ ;  
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,  
And call'd for his poetic works,  
Mean time the \* Boy in secret lurks.  
And, while the book was in his hand,  
The Urchin from his private stand  
Took aim ; and shot with all his strength  
A dart of such prodigious length,  
It pierc'd the feeble volume through ;  
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.  
Some lines, more moving than the rest,  
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,  
And, borne directly to the heart,  
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.  
Vanessa, not in years a score,  
Dreams of a gown of forty-four :  
Imaginary charms can find  
In eyes, with reading, almost blind.  
Cadenus now no more appears  
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.  
She fancies music in his tongue ;  
Nor further looks, but thinks him young.  
Cadenus, common forms apart,  
In every sense had kept his heart ;  
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,  
For pastime, or to shew his wit.  
But books, and time, and state affairs,  
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs.  
He now could praise, esteem, approve,  
But understood not what was love.  
His conduct might have made him styl'd  
A father, and the nymph his child.  
That innocent delight he took  
To see the virgin mind her book,  
Was but the master's secret joy,  
In school to hear the finest boy.  
Her knowledge with her fancy grew  
She hourly press'd for something new, &c.

“ On April 15, 1712, Dr. Swift from Windfor Castle writes to her, of his losses at ombre with the Duke and Duchess of Shrews-

\* Cupid.

bury. He bids her adieu, till they meet over a pot of coffee; which it seems, by other letters, they were fond of: he thought it good for raising the spirits: and valued himself much upon the making of it, for he never suffered it to be made in his own house out of his presence. By her letter from London, Sept. 1712, it appears she admired him much, and speaks with great jealousy of Miss Hill, sister of General Hill, and afterwards Lady Maltham. In the year following she declared her passion openly to him, 'Oh! what would I give to know how you do!—But I must confine my thoughts, or at least stop from talking of them to you, or you will chide me, which will still add to my uneasiness. I am impatient to the last degree, to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here.'

"In the year 1714, after her mother's death, she went to Dublin, and writes thus to him: 'You once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong, in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life insupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.'

"Again she writes about the same time: 'You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you can. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made easy be me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it; and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure, you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure, it would move you to forgive me; and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live.'

"He writes from Philips-Town, in the King's County, Nov. 5, 1714, in very discouraging terms: 'I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more: nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages! Adieu.'

We mean to take notice of some other articles of this collection in our next.



*The Dramatic Works of Philip Massinger, complete, in four Volumes. Revised and corrected, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By John Monck Mason, Esq. To which are added, Remarks and Observations of various Authors; Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatic Writers; and a short Essay on the Life and Writings of Massinger, inscribed to Dr. S. Johnson. 8vo. 4 vols. 1l. 1s. boards. T. Davies.*

The characters of *scholiast* and *editor* are so habitually connected, that we naturally concluded, on the perusal of the title-page of this publication, that John Monck Mason, Esq. must be one of the venerable fraternity of critics. Not having heard, however, of any of his own writings, we were totally at a loss to conceive what might be his abilities to judge of the works of others, or what title he might have to the privilege conferred by the poet :

Let those speak freely who have written well,  
And judge of others who themselves excel.

On dipping into the preface, we became, indeed, presently acquainted with the nature and extent of Mr. Mason's pretensions.

"The dramatic productions of the age of *Shakespeare* have long afforded me a favourite amusement; charmed with the sublime conceptions, the natural sentiments, the poetical diction, and the flowing numbers of the writers of that period, nay, even with the romantic incidents of their *ancient stories*, they appear to me more amusing, and more natural, than the concealed princes, distracted mothers, and critical discoveries, which in general form the uninteresting plots of our modern tragedies, (I peruse them repeatedly with undiminished satisfaction;) yet, notwithstanding my partiality for this kind of reading, and some pains I had taken to gratify it, I never heard of *Massinger* till about two years ago, when a friend of mine, who knew my inclination, sent me a copy of his works, from whence I received that high degree of pleasure, which they cannot fail to give to every reader of taste and feeling.

"It is strange, that a writer of such evident excellence should be so little known; and remain for a century in a state of obscurity, from which even a modern edition of his works has failed to redeem him; but that edition, it must be confessed, did not merit a very favourable reception from the public; the editor, who seems to have possessed but a small share either of judgment or attention, having retained in the text a number of blunders which appear at first sight, and the amendments in many places, are as obvious as the errors—Had it required much labour to investigate either, the task of publishing the present edition would never have fallen to my lot; but, having contracted a habit of rectifying in the margin the mistakes that I discover in any book before me, these emendations of *Massinger* were made as I read him, and intended for my private satisfaction

tisfaction only; they happened, however, to be seen accidentally by two of my friends, who expressed their approbation of them in very flattering terms, and joined in requesting that I would suffer them to be printed:—I had not in truth the vanity to suppose, that corrections made in this cursory manner could be worthy of the press, but in deference to their judgment I gave them to the public.”

We cannot help thinking it a great misfortune for many an honest gentleman, to have friends so partial as to become flatterers to his vanity on these occasions. Self-love is so ready to kindle even at the slightest breath of applause, that we see Mr. Mason instantly took fire at the accidental puff of the approbation of *two* only, barely the number of witnesses necessary to convict a culprit of a capital crime. An equal portion of self-knowledge, would have induced him to submit his *emendations*, as he calls them, to a few more of his friends, before he committed them to the press. Or, if he had submitted them to *two* of his *enemies*, it might have been full as well, or better, both for his two friends’ reputation and his own: for Mr. Mason was perfectly right in not having the vanity to suppose his *corrections* worthy of the press, and has been most egregiously misled by the judgment of his said *couple* of approving friends. It would be a somewhat-surprising proof of the force of his judgment, as well as the fertility of his imagination, that he should be able to criticise thus, *currente calamo*, on an author, his acquaintance with whom commenced no longer than two years ago; except, indeed, we are to look upon such ability as the effect of the habit, which he had contracted, of *revising* the *mistakes* of writers, in the margin of all the books that came before him. This would certainly be a masterly habit, and Mr. Mason a *magnus Apollo*, if really possessed of it. But we have had frequent occasion, in the course of our acquaintance with books, to peruse the marginal notes of such cursory critics, and we must frankly own, that they have more frequently betrayed the mistakes of the *reader* than those of the writer.

We shall not enter into a discussion of the comparative merit of the present edition, or call in question the editor’s encomiums on his author; they are such as are admitted by most persons of true taste and sound judgment, or would else have little weight of authority, as coming from Mr. Mason, especially if his judgment, concerning our old English dramatists, be itself judged of by his assertions respecting the *new*. Speaking of the diction of our modern tragedies, he imputes its turgidity and inflation to an imitation of the French.

“This imitation,” says he, “is so glaring, that they have lost the appearance of original compositions, and are written in the tone  
and

and fettered stile of translation, not in that free and vigorous language, in which those who possess any spark of poetic fire, express their native, genuine conceptions. There may be, perhaps, a few of these pieces that do not justly fall under this general censure; and there is one I must particularly except from it, I mean the tragedy of *Braganza*, in which we find a richness of poetical diction, and that harmony of numbers, which we look for in vain in the other productions of the time. I will venture to assert, that if the true dramatic melody shall be revived in our days, it will owe its revival to the author of *Braganza*, and the public voice will confirm this opinion, whenever the *Law of Lombardy* shall find its way to the stage."

Now, since the above bold prediction, the *Law of Lombardy* hath found its way to the stage, and hath also found its way from it again; proving our editor a false prophet. It is really laughable to observe, with what dignity and self-sufficiency John Monk Mason, esq. (whom we never heard of before, nor desire to hear of again) erects himself into an Aristarchus, and talks of himself as an editor, in the stile of a Theobald, a Warburton, a Johnson, or a Steevens.

"I have admitted," says he, "into the *text* all my own amendments, in order that those who, pursuing Dr. Johnson's advice in his excellent preface to Shakespeare, may wish on the first perusal of these plays, to give free scope to their fancy and their feelings, and without turning aside to verbal criticism, may read them in that which appears to me the most perfect state; but, for the satisfaction of more critical readers, or of the same readers on a second perusal, I have directed that the words rejected by me should be inserted in the margin.

"Where any doubts can arise concerning the justness of a correction, I have assigned the reason for it; but where they deviate but little from the text, and the propriety of them is so evident, that it must be acknowledged the moment they are suggested, I have not insulted the understandings of the readers by enlarging upon them.

"There is another considerable improvement in this edition, for which I expect no degree of credit, though it tends as materially to the explanation of the author as more conspicuous emendations; I mean the reformation of the pointing, which in the former edition is extremely faulty: but the merit of this edition, in that respect, can only be known by comparing it with the others, and if any reader shall take that trouble, he has more curiosity than I should have in his place. I have not, however, attended to trifling errors, or rectified the false pointing, unless where it essentially affected the sense.

"I have continued in this edition the essay on our old dramatic writers, because it is very well written; and a short account of Massinger's life, is undertaken by one who, I doubt not, will execute that task with care and fidelity; no observations of the former editor's

tor's are omitted, that could either contribute to the information of the readers, or to his own reputation; but where his remarks were undoubtedly erroneous, I have not inserted them, merely to enjoy the triumph of refuting him. Those who delight in long annotations, and comparisons with passages apparently similar in other writers, will be much dissatisfied with this edition, in which they will find but a few short notes, and those merely explanatory; but to gratify their inclinations, I could have made that a labour, which was meant for an amusement; which would indeed have been contrary to my own judgment, who have always considered an unnecessary note, as an offensive interruption, and have never received any real satisfaction from comparative quotations; I have therefore struck out many such, that I found in the former edition, where the editor, misled by a single word, has likened passages that were not like at all.

"It was not originally my intention to give any name to this edition; but it is suggested to me that an anonymous publication would not answer the purpose of rescuing this ancient bard from oblivion; and that a name, though unknown in the literary world, would contribute to attract the curiosity of the public: on this consideration, I have ventured to enter the lists as a candidate for inferior fame, as Dr. Johnson writes it, and without any sanguine expectations of applause: yet I flatter myself, that this edition of Massinger will be found more correct, (and correctness is the only merit it pretends to) than the best of those which have as yet been published of any other ancient dramatic writer.

"To Edward Tighe, Esq. by whose persuasion it was published, this edition is dedicated by his most sincere friend and humble servant,  
*J. Monek Mason.*"

Poor Edward Tighe, Esq. ! To what a labour of love hath thy friendship doomed thee ! We hope thy back is able to bear the weight of that indignity, to which thou art entitled, as being accessory to the publication of this *amended and corrected* edition of Massinger. We must not dismiss this work, however, without taking notice of an appendage, which deserves to have accompanied the labours of a much better scholiast; this is the life of Massinger, undertaken by a nameless biographer, whom Mr. Mason condescends graciously to doubt not of his executing the task with care and fidelity. The truth is, that this narrative of Massinger's life, be it *undertaken* or executed by whom it will, does more honour to Massinger, than do all the *emendations and corrections* of Mr. Mason. As a compliment due both to the biographer and our readers, we shall make room for a quotation or two, equally to the credit of the poet, as a dramatist, and his life-writer, as a stage-historian and critic. After relating the few generally-known particulars, respecting the poet's family, and education, our biographer proceeds thus.

"Massinger

"Massinger stayed at the university of Oxford three or four years, and then it seems he set out for London, as if impatient to improve himself in the conversation of the eminent wits and poets in that metropolis: and now commenced the æra of his misfortunes, as well as his fame. I can find no trace of the precise time when he began to write for the stage. The Oxford Historian, I have so often quoted, says, indeed, that after throwing himself out in short essays, he ventured to try his abilities in the writing of plays: but what these essays were, whether interlude, masque, song, or any other entertainment of the stage, we are left to conjecture. The Virgin Martyr was, I believe, one of our author's first pieces, which he wrote in conjunction with Decker, and is far inferior to any of his other productions. The plot and machinery are very extravagant; and the play is disgraced by vulgar dialogue and vile obscenity, faults which cannot fairly be laid to Massinger's charge, who, though occasionally licentious, is never so offensive and disgusting.

"Wood and Langbaine agree, that Massinger's dramatic pieces were approved; but whatever might be their success, he soon experienced the unhappy consequences of disobliging his patron the Earl of Pembroke. This nobleman's character is drawn at large by the copious and eloquent pen of Lord Clarendon; who styles him one of the worthiest and best beloved men of the age in which he lived. 'He was a man,' says the noble historian, 'who conversed with persons of the most pregnant parts and understanding; and to such, who needed support or encouragement, if fairly recommended, he was very liberal.' How comes it to pass, that Massinger, who was born in the family of Herbert, and bred at the university of Oxford, at the expence of this amiable man, should be so totally neglected, as it appears from himself that he really was?

"It is most probable, that our author's acting in opposition to the intention of his patron, and leaving the university without his permission, was the leading cause of that low dependence and straitness of circumstances, which he laments so passionately in almost all his applications to the great men, whose patronage he seems rather to have implored than solicited.

"It must hurt a generous mind to read the almost servile supplications and humiliating acknowledgments with which most of his dedications abound. In the epistle dedicatory of his excellent tragedy the Duke of Milan, he 'intreats Lady Catherine Stanhope to suffer the examples of more knowing and experienced writers to plead his pardon for addressing his play to her, the rather, as his misfortunes have left him no other course to pursue.' He frankly acquaints Sir Robert Wiseman,\* 'that he had but faintly subsisted, if he had not often tasted of his bounty.' The like acknowledgement of munificent favour he makes to Sir Francis Folianby,† and Sir Thomas Bland. In short, the same language, though somewhat varied, runs through the greatest part of his addresses to his patrons.

\* Dedication of the Great Duke of Florence.

† Dedication of the Maid of Honour.

The querulous and petitionary style is peculiar to Massinger above all other writers.

" When we read the complimentary epistles of this author's contemporaries, many of whom were distinguished for wit and learning, and some of them persons of superior rank, abounding with the fullest approbation of his merit, and extolling the force and grandeur of his genius, we are at a loss to account for such a man's unhappy condition and dependant situation.

" What the profits were which accrued to him from the representation of his plays, cannot now be ascertained; that the dramatic poets were entitled to one third-night's profits in the days of Elizabeth and James the First,\* I believe is not generally known, but can be authenticated from a prologue of Decker to one of his plays.†

" It is not praise is sought for now, but pence,  
Though drop'd from greasy apron'd audience;  
Clap'd may he be with thunder, that plucks bays  
With such foul hands, and with squint eyes does gaze  
On Pallas' shield, not caring though he gains  
A cram'd third night, what filth drops from his brains.

" But we know how precarious the benefit nights of authors often are, even in this liberal age; for by a strange perverseness of fortune, we see the boxes less frequented, when an author's pains and merit ought to be rewarded, than at other times.

" Towards the beginning of the last century the taste for plays became so universal, that the number of theatres, as Mr. Steevens assures me from the MSS. of Rymer the historiographer, amounted to no less than twenty-three.‡

\* The progress of liberality is slow; though after the Restoration, some plays were acted twenty or thirty nights without interruption, and particularly Dryden's *Sir Martin Marr-All*; yet the poets could not obtain more than the profits of one night, till the latter end of the last century, when, upon the great success of a play of Southern, I believe it was *Oroonoko*, the author obtained the favour of two nights: but, in justice to the actors, I must observe, that before the enlarging the number of benefits in favour of authors, the latter received the whole money taken on their benefit night without any deduction for charges; Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, acquaints us, that Shadwell received for his third night of the *Squire of Alfatia*, 130l; which, says Downes, was the greatest receipt they ever had at that house (*Drury-Lane*) in single prices. A few years after *Oroonoko* was acted, Rowe, by the success of one of his tragedies, had the honour to increase the poets nights to the number of three; since that time the liberality of several managers has frequently gone farther than the stated rule, by giving four, and, I believe, sometimes five nights to very successful plays.

† If this be not a good play the devil's in it.

‡ Before the act which limited the number of Theatres in 1736, we had in London no less than six regular theatres—The playhouses of *Drury-Lane*, *Covent-Garden*, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, the *King's Theatre*, the little Theatre in the *Haymarket*, and *Goodman's Fields*, were all open at one time and exhibited plays, operas, &c. besides a playhouse in *James Street*, called the *Slaughter House*, and another in *Villiers Street*, *York Buildings*; there was a third at *Windmill Hill*, and another at *May Fair*; and in many of the great taverns of this metropolis, particularly the *Devil Tavern*, *Temple Bar*, plays were occasionally acted.

" So



"So many rival theatres must have considerably diminished the profits of them all. And though some of them, such as the Black Friars, the Globe, the Phoenix, the playhouse in Salisbury Court, and the Cock Pit, were more esteemed and frequented by the better sort of people than the others; yet from the smallness of the price paid for the best seat, which was half a crown, we cannot suppose, that the sum total taken at one of these theatres, upon an average, amounted to more than about 25 or 30l.\*

"From this estimation we may fairly conclude, that it was impossible for Massinger to acquire a competent income from the representation of his plays. What presents his dedications produced we cannot easily conjecture; but from the precarious circumstances of the poet, it is reasonable to suppose that they were rather scanty than generous. Nor could the printer afford a large sum for the copy of a play consisting of ten sheets, which he sold at the price of six-pence. I his information I learn from some lines of W. B. to Massinger, on his Bondman.

" 'Tis granted for your twelve pence you did sit,

And see and hear, and *understood not yet*; †

The author in a Christian pity, takes

Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes,

That such as will but venture *six-pence more*,

May know what they but saw and heard before.

"I am inclined to believe, † that Shakespeare, as a sharing actor, gained more money than any of his brother poets did by the profits of their plays."

After giving several anecdotes of Massinger, and his brother play-wrights, our sensible biographer proceeds to give the following general criticisms on his genius and writings; pointing out the more striking peculiarities, which distinguish this writer from his contemporaries.

"The plots of Massinger, like those of our old dramatists, are borrowed from surprizing tales, and strange adventures, from wild romances and entertaining novels, or from old chronicles and well-known history. In the conducting of his fable, he is consistently and invariably attentive.

\* From the Diary of Edward Allen, a celebrated actor, who founded a college at Dulwich, in the reign of King James I. we find that the whole amount of money taken at the acting of a play at his own theatre, called The Fortune, was no more than 3l. and a few shillings; the Diary says, indeed, that the audience was very slender.

† This seems to be a much valued compliment which was frequently paid to our old dramatic authors. Beaumont tells B. Jonson in some verses in praise of his Cataline, that he was so deep in sense, he would not be understood in three ages—An unhappy panegyrick for a dramatic writer, whose worst fault must be obscurity.

‡ Dr. Percy, in an Appendix to the first volume of his Relicks of Ancient Poetry, quotes, from Green's Great's Worth of Wit, a passage, which will tend to confirm what I have conjectured of Shakespeare's share as an actor. A player is introduced in this pamphlet of Green, boasting that his share in stage apparel would not be sold for two hundred pounds.

"It is not his custom, in imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher, to write two or three acts of a play with uncommon energy, and after exciting expectation, and promising delight, to disappoint the reader, by unpardonable neglect, or an utter desertion of the fable. I will not pretend to say, that these valuable authors are always and equally deficient in working up the catastrophes of their plays; but I will appeal to their most partial readers, if they are not often shamefully forgetful and indolent, where the union of genius and judgment is most required.\*

"In Massinger, nature and art are so happily connected, that the one never seems to counteract the other, and in whatever rank he may be placed by the criticks, yet this praise cannot be refused him, that his genius operates equally in every part of his composition; for the powers of his mind are impartially diffused through his whole performance; no part is purposely degraded to insipidity, to make another more splendid and magnificent; one act of a play is not impoverished to enrich another. All the members of the piece are cultivated and disposed as plot, situation, and character require.

"The editor very justly observes, that Massinger excels Shakespeare himself in an easy constant flow of harmonious language; nor should it be forgotten, that the current of his style is never interrupted by harsh and obscure phraseology, or overloaded with figurative expression. Nor does he indulge in the wanton and licentious use of mixed modes in speech; he is never at a loss for proper words to cloath his ideas. And it must be said of him with truth, that if he does not always rise to Shakespeare's vigour of sentiment, or ardor of expression, neither does he sink like him into mean quibble, and low conceit.

"There is a discrimination in the characters of Massinger, by which they are varied as distinctly as those of Shakespeare. The hero, the statesman, the villain, the fop, the coward, the man of humour, and the gentleman, speak a language appropriated to their several personages.

"Sometimes he takes pleasure in smoothing the features of a villain, and concealing his real character, till his wickedness breaks out into action; nor is this peculiarity in our author effected by any constrained or abrupt conduct, but strictly conformable to dramatic truth, and the œconomy of his fable. Francisco, in the Duke of Milan, assumes, during the first act, such a face of honesty and fidelity, that the reader must be surprized, though not shocked, at the change of his behaviour in the second act. The villains of Massinger are not monsters of vice, who sin merely from the delight they feel in the practice of wickedness. Francisco, like Dr.

\* I have either read or been informed that it was generally Mr. Fletcher's practice, after he had finished three acts of a play, to shew them to the actors; and after they had agreed upon terms, he huddled up the two last without that proper care which was requisite.—*Langbaine's Poets*, p. 144.

Young's Zanga,\* carries his resentment beyond the limits of his provocation ; but a sister dishonoured, is, by an Italian, supposed to be a sufficient cause for pursuing the deepest revenge. So Montreville, in the *Unnatural Combat*, smothers his rage for the injuries he had received from Malefort, with whom he lives in great familiarity, and the highest seeming warmth of friendship, till he gains an opportunity, towards the close of the play, to glut his appetite of revenge, by ravishing Malefort's daughter, and upbraiding him at the same time with the wrongs which he had suffered from him.

“ Massinger is equally skilful in producing comic and tragic delight ; his characters in both styles are stamped by the hand of Nature. Eubulus, in the *Picture*, is as true a portrait of honest freedom, shrewd observation, and singular humour, as Shakespeare's *Ænobarbus*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Durazzo, in the *Guardian*, is inferior to no character of agreeable singularity in any author. Joyous in situations of the utmost peril, he is an impartial lover of valour, in friend or foe ; he pardons the follies of youth, by a generous recollection of his own. Durazzo forgives every thing but cowardice of spirit and meanness of behaviour ; a more animated and picturesque description of field sports than that given by Durazzo is not to be found in any author. Massinger does not use the agency of fools, who, in Shakespeare's management, produce such admirable scenes of delight ; Graculo and Hilario, in the *Duke of Milan* and the *Picture*, seem to partake something of the Spanish Gracioso and English clown ; and are employed by our author as chorusses to conduct his plots.

“ That Massinger was no mean scholar, every reader of taste will discern ; his knowledge in mythology, and history ancient and modern, appears to have been extensive : nor was he a mere smatterer in logic and philosophy, though Wood informs us that he did not apply himself to the study of these sciences when he was at the university. That he was very conversant with the Greek and Roman classics, his frequent allusions to poetical fable, and his interweaving some of the choicest sentiments of the best ancient writers in his plays, sufficiently demonstrate. What he borrowed from the classics he paid back with interest, for he dignified their sentiments by giving them a new lustre ; while Jonson, the superstitious idolater of the ancients, deforms his style by affected phraseology and verbal translation ; his knowledge was unaccompanied by true judgment and elegance of taste, and in the incorporation of foreign sentiments with his own, he understood not the means to enrich his composition by artfully borrowing from the dead languages.

“ It was a fault common to our old dramatic writers, in describing the manners of different nations, to forget what painters call the costume ; if they laid their plots in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or Turkey, the characters were merely English, and the customs,

\* In the tragedy of the *Revenge*, Francisco has some features not unlike those of the Moor. And I cannot help thinking, that Young had read the *Duke of Milan*, and borrowed a few hints from that tragedy.

fashions, follies, and vices of our great metropolis were sure to be introduced, though the poet had laid his scene in Rome or Constantinople.

" This incongruity in national manners runs through Shakespeare, B. Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, as well as Massinger. But though, in the conduct of the drama, this was a great impropriety, the public, I believe, suffered no injury from it. The reigning enormities and fashionable follies of the times, were censured, perhaps, with greater freedom, when the scene was laid at Venice, than if it had been placed in London.

" Although the dramatic poet is the most pleasing, he is at the same time the most pungent moralist, and a more powerful reformer of vice and folly than the profest satirist himself. What are the solemn sermons of Seneca, the laughing reproofs of Horace, and the grave declamations of Juvenal, when compared with the deep reflections of the melancholy Cardenes,\* and the poignant strictures of a mad Timon or a distracted Lear? Seneca dazzles the reason, Horace amuses the fancy, Juvenal alarms the passions, but Shakespeare and Massinger warm and refine the heart.

" Massinger, though inferior in pointed satire to Shakespeare, seizes every opportunity to crush rising folly, and repel incroaching vice.

" When this author lived, luxury in eating and finery in dress universally prevailed, to the most enormous excess. These perversions of natural appetite and decent custom he combated with an uncommon ardor of resentment, and applied to them the force of ridicule wherever he fairly met them. In his *City Madam* he attacks the pride, extravagance, and affectation of the citizens and their wives; he fixes the boundaries between the gay splendors of a court, and the sober customs of the city. The citizens, by an awkward imitation of court gaieties, have always rendered themselves ridiculous. But this is not all—In abandoning their own primitive way of living, they have lost that influence which can only be preserved by industry, wealth, œconomy, simplicity, and plainness of manners.

" Massinger does not, like Shakespeare and Jonson, sport with cowardice and effeminacy; he considers them not only as defects of character but as stains of immorality: Romont's reproof to Naval, a coward and a fop, is singular and bitter.

" As if thou e'er wert angry  
But with thy taylor, and yet that poor shred  
Can bring more to the making up of a man  
Than can be hoped from thee—Thou art his creature,  
And did he not each morn create thee,  
Thou'dst stink and be forgotten.—I'll not change  
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring  
Some testimony under good men's hands

\* A character in the play of the *Very Woman*.

Thou art a Christian. I suspect thee strongly,  
And will be satisfied.

*Fatal Dowry, Act. II.*

“But, besides the occasional censure which Massinger passed upon the growing vices of the times in which he lived, he aimed at higher game. He boldly attacked the faults of ministers and of kings themselves. He pointed his arrows against Carr and Buckingham, against James and Charles the First.

“The pusillanimous temper of James exposed him to the scorn of all Europe, and rendered him contemptible in the eyes of his own subjects. The warlike spirit of the nation was subdued by the cowardice of the prince. He was called upon by the voice of his people, and by his parliament, to assist his son-in-law, Frederick, the Elector Palatine, and king of Bohemia, against the Emperor Ferdinand, who deprived him at last of the best part of his dominions. James, instead of furnishing troops to Frederick, contented himself with sending ambassadors to the Austrian court, the futility of which conduct was ridiculed upon the stage at Brussels.

“Massinger, though from the general tenor of his writings, he appears to have been a firm friend of monarchy, and warmly attached to government in church and state, was not a favourer of arbitrary power, or inclined to put an implicit faith in the word of kings; he was averse from embracing the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance,\* so much inculcated by James, in his speeches to parliament, and his court divines in their sermons. Massinger was a good subject, but not like other poets, his contemporaries, a slavish flatterer of power, and an abettor of despotic principles.”

We are glad to learn, from an advertisement annexed to this life of Massinger, that its author proposes to oblige the public with notes and observations on several plays of Shakespeare, with a critical review of his characters, and those of many eminent dramatic poets, as represented on the stage by the late Mr. Garrick, and other celebrated comedians, with anecdotes of authors, actors, &c. &c. as we doubt not such a work, from a writer so much conversant with, and well-qualified to judge of, these matters, will afford a fund of agreeably-instructive entertainment. N.

\* The conduct of Beaumont and Fletcher, so far as it respects the duty which subjects owe to kings, deserves notice: they preach up the most unreserved submission to princes, and zealously maintain

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

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*The Church of England vindicated: or a Defence of the visible Church of Christ, as established by the legislative Authority of this Realm: in Answer to all Objections which have been offered by Dissidents of every Denomination. With a prefatory Address to the pious and learned Prelates of Great Britain and Ireland. Svo. 6s. Thorn, Exeter; Wallis, London.*

In the prefatory address, annexed to this production, its author makes some warm, and not injudicious, remarks, on the plan of reformation contained in a late pamphlet, intitled, "An Address to the rational Advocates of the Church of England."—He proceeds next to an examination of Mr. Wilton's famous speech, made in the Irish house of commons, against the expediency of all civil and religious tests; endeavouring to shew the necessity of both, to the preservation of our civil and religious establishments. In doing this, he attempts to prove, that *religion* is more nearly connected with *politics*, than the advocates for the repeal of the test acts admit. In labouring this point, he enters into a depreciating estimate of the boasted merit of the protestant dissenters, respecting the Revolution.

"These protestant dissenters," says he, "may justly be said to have had the choice only of two evils, I mean *popery* or *protestantism*, under the external and disagreeable circumstances of royalty and episcopacy. And, from what we experience of the malignity and fallibility of human dispositions and judgment, there is good reason to believe that our protestant dissenters at large, and presbyterians in particular, would rejoice to seize an opportunity to effect another revolution, even in a duple alliance with patriots and papists, in a struggle, for which they should stand a chance to do in the second what could not be done in the first, I mean to exterminate royalty and episcopacy from their multifarious, irregular, incoherent, and unsystematical plan of simple protestantism, which, though unattended with any attractive and reverential appearances of corporeal splendor and magnificence, yet is equally inaccessible, arbitrary, and cruel, in executing the unlimited demands of an infallible puritanism, as an hot-brained Leo, or a deposing Gregory."

Our author, indeed, treats not only the whole body of the dissenters, but the memory of some of their late leading men, such as Dr. Samuel Chandler, Mr. Amory, &c. with much severity; nor is he less severe on the author of the famous *Confessional*, Dr. Price, Dr. Priestley, and the *Monthly Reviewers*; paying a compliment to the good sense and moderation, as he terms it, of Dr. Kenrick and the *London Reviewers*, for paying all becoming deference to the authority and determinations of legal superiors. We are by no means vain, how-

ever, of such an encomium, as the utmost extent of it argues our discharge only of a civil duty; nor can we possibly accept it on the terms upon which it seems to be conferred, viz. those of impressing the London Reviewers into the service of ecclesiastical tyranny. Our author is much mistaken, if he thinks that, because we are not for encouraging the *licentiousness of free-speakers*, we are not for allowing liberty to *free-thinkers*. Not Mr. Wilton himself could be a warmer advocate than we are for the *religious exercise of liberty of conscience, and private judgment*. But we make a wide difference between these and *unconscionable licentiousness and public opinion*. We by no means agree with our author, that *religion and politics* are at present so nearly and necessarily connected, as he seems to suppose. And though we doubt much whether the times are ripe for an universal religious toleration (which, in due time, we doubt not, will, under Providence, take place in this kingdom) we are far from countenancing even legal prosecutions on any account purely religious. This writer must not think, by placing us in opposition to our rivals, to take the advantage of that circumstance, unjustly to represent us as possessed of his own zeal, or coinciding altogether with his own sentiments.

“When the legislative authority of this realm,” says he, “had declared the Americans to be in a state of rebellion, one Price was permitted to write a book, in which, in a comparative view of the moral and literary deserts of the inhabitants of America and of Great Britain, he gives the preference to the former, and observes, that they are more deserving of the highest honours, dignity, and emoluments of government, than any on whom they are legally conferred in this our mixed monarchical state of royalty. This was not only one of the highest possible insults to the determining powers of legislation, but to his country at large; and, in any other part of the globe, instead of being honoured with a freedom and a gold box, it had been justly compensated with an halter or a dungeon. In this book it is also rebelliously written, that the Americans are, and ought to be, disposed to sacrifice their heart’s blood, rather than live in a state of subjection to the legislative authority of this realm; but, to a cool-headed politician, what is the great difference between the heart, head, or finger blood of an American? And whatever opinion some people may be inclined to entertain of this man’s recondite erudition, he is abundantly more adroit in the unprofitable business of rhapsody and enthusiasm, than in the useful arts of sound reasoning and just philosophy.

“In the next place, the doctrine of the blessed Trinity is sanctioned and established by the legislative authority. So that whoever shall publish a book, in which our blessed Saviour’s divinity is expressly denied, and in which it is also peremptorily declared <sup>to</sup> have no sanction

sanction from the Holy Scriptures, is guilty of a licentiousness, which is made punishable by an established ordinance of government. And when any dissenting or monthly reviewing Arian shall hereafter take up his puritanism, which is not inferior in wonderful achievements to infallibility itself, and shall impiously affirm, as did the old Will Whiston, that Jesus Christ was a mere man, the son of Joseph and Mary, in the same manner as he was the natural product of a male and female Whiston; since nineteen out of twenty amongst the dissenters do not qualify according to law, an Archbishop of Canterbury, in a necessary and just resentment, should receive informations, and suffer the law to be executed with severity; and not to do so is an unjustifiable pusillanimity."

We cannot deny but that, with regard to the first instance above cited, as a political object, relative merely to affairs of state, we have ever entertained an opinion similar to that of our author; conceiving the impolitic and pitiful permission of the dissemination of disaffected and traiterous writings throughout the kingdom, since the defection of America, to be, as he truly styles it, an instance of *unjustifiable pusillanimity*. Not that, even in this case, we can go the lengths of this writer, who says, that "every friend of liberty, but hater of licentiousness, would wish to see a tribunal of Roman censorship, erected in this kingdom, by which all newspapers, books and pamphlets should be examined, and every libellous attack on character, or insultive contradiction to the determination of legislation, should be punished with severity."—God forbid! we say, that ever a state-licenser should again be set over the press in England, or even a Roman censor, to punish the abuse of it: notwithstanding, its present enormous licentiousness induces us to wish, that no attack whatever, either on private or public character, should be suffered to appear in print, without its author's name; in order that the party aggrieved might know of whom to demand legal satisfaction. Certain it is, that the licentiousness of the press in England at present requires a check; but we think it should be rather a legal and popular one, than a political and ministerial one. In the second case, however, above exemplified, respecting matters of religion, such as the Trinity, and the divinity of our Saviour, which is purely religious, we differ widely from our author, in thinking the resentment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, although *legal*, either *necessary* or *just*. We have repeatedly remarked the absurdity, in our opinion, of an *Arian's* assuming the name of a *Christian*; as we agree with this writer in meaning, by the "Christian faith, a faith in the divinity of Christ, as the true Messiah:" but we possess, at the same time, so much charity  
for

for his person, and compassion for his errors, as to think he may not deserve either a *halter* or a *dungeon*; and, though the lesser, perhaps not even the greater, excommunication from the church. At least, we do not look upon legal information, and the severe execution of the law, to be the most proper means to convert such nominal Christians into real ones. —

Between the enemies of the *church*, and those of the *state*, there is a very material distinction. It is necessary that the civil magistrate should strictly execute the law against the latter; because, on the due administration of such laws, the safety and prosperity of every state depend. The case is otherwise with the *church*, the power of whose guardian and protector is infinitely superior to that of all human authority: and he hath assured us, that it is built on a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Censurable, therefore, as may be the members of administration for not legally preventing the baneful diffusion of political faction and civil licentiousness, we look upon the reluctance of his Grace of Canterbury, and the rest of his reverend brethren of the bench of bishops, to commence criminal prosecutions against irreligion and impiety, as a proof of their possessing a more true spirit of Christian charity, and of genuine piety, than our author supposes.

We must take the liberty here to set our author right, in regard to an error he hath propagated respecting ourselves and our Review. Speaking of the *Monthly Review*, he says,

“Concerning licentiousness, it is a well-known matter of fact, that, for more than thirty years, a set of men, who, upon civil and religious motives, have been avowed enemies of our establishments both in church and state, have been permitted to circulate throughout the kingdom a lunary publication, in which the determinations of parliament have been generally reprobated and vilified, and in which have been made a most rude and libellous attack on the private and public character of gentlemen in every succeeding administration; nor, besides this, did they fail, for several succeeding months, while the American cause was most warmly espoused by an ill-judged patriotism, to defend the insurging and rebellious designs of our American subjects for independency: and even to shew their zeal for what they call the glorious cause of liberty or rebellion, every thing published in defence of the determinations of the ministry and the parliament, was either concealed or reprobated; but every thing, which, to a cool-headed politician, must appear grossly insolent and defamatory, was honoured with the epithets of manly, generous, and liberal. Nor has their conduct in the distinct province of religion been less remarkably culpable: openly declaring, in a manner discreditable to the meanest capacity, that our established mode of public worship, approved and ratified by the divines of a legal convocation and senate, must be considered as an imposition on

what they have stupidly called the liberty of private judgment and conscience ; whereas the practice of extempore prayer and preaching in undigested and unconnected modes of fanatical evomition has been pronounced most agreeable to the true spirit and liberty of the gospel ; and even the divinity of Christ has been impiously treated with a levity becoming only the nature of a fable, or a romance. This has no parallel, and it is pity that it should have, in any civilized nation throughout the globe.

“ A few gentlemen, in most exalted stations, aware of the ill consequences which must attend this uncounteracted and libelling licentiousness, engaged a new set of literati of prime abilities, who have too much good sense and moderation to adopt the absurd maxims of modern patriotism, that every one out of power must be in the right, but every one in power must be in the wrong ; that the measures of administration, and the judgment of a majority, must be opposed at all adventures. So that Dr. Kenrick and his confederates do every where pay all becoming deference to the authority and determinations of legal superiors. And since two sets of learned men are not necessary to execute the same plan, no sincere friend to the establishments of his country can resolve to encourage this licentious publication of partial and bigotted republicans.”

We are sorry to be under the necessity of contradicting a writer, who appears to be so much a friend to us and our undertaking ; but the truth requires us to assure him, that he is totally mistaken in his assertion, that the authors of the *London Review* were engaged by any gentlemen, in any station, except by their editor, Dr. Kenrick, to undertake the task of reviewing. And, though they have received the frequent satisfaction of finding their labours acceptable to readers of the greatest rank and distinction, that satisfaction alone hath been their reward, or had any influence over their avowed, and now universally-admitted, impartiality.—This writer, indeed, doth this work no more than justice, in allowing that it ever has been conducted on the truest spirit of independency, without any kind of favour or affection for person or party.—But, to leave off talking about our own work, to come to that of our author ; who gives the following abstract of its design and mode of composition.

“ *First*,” says he, “ I have read the two famous expositions of our articles, which were written by the two great divines, Beveridge and Burnet. In their mode of explanation, every article may be justly considered as the subject of a theme or a declamation ; so that all their observations cannot be supposed to have an immediate connection with one or more doctrinal propositions, which are contained in every separate article. And the most valuable part of what Dr. Bennet has written upon the articles was designed to prove their original authenticity, and indeed what he has advanced upon this point carries



carries with it an irresistible evidence; and I have endeavoured to make a proper use of it, in answer to particular objections thrown out by the author of the Confessional, which he himself never understood, nor are they well authenticated.

"*Secondly*, Bishop Beveridge's exposition is in my opinion by much the most valuable, he being most judicious in the business of important quotation, pertinent in application, and most satisfactory in his conclusions; and even in other parts of his compositions he may justly be said to be equally uncommon and striking, in his sentiment and language in the character of a divine, as Shakespeare was in that of a tragedian. Nor will it be esteemed impertinent, perhaps, by the generality of readers, to be informed, that one Mr. Richard Smith, bookfeller, in London, upon the death of this great man, purchased all his works of his executor; an exposition only upon thirty articles were to be found in his study, though he had treated of the other nine in the same manner; but this part of his exposition being in other hands, Mr. Smith, though much pains were taken for doing so, could not procure it for publication.

"*Thirdly*, The method which I have adopted for representing the doctrinal propositions of our articles, according to a literal construction of words in which they are expressed, as agreeable to the judgment of reason or of common sense, and to the plain documents of revelation, has been hitherto unattempted. It may be judged particularly useful to every young gentleman designed for the ministry, and perhaps the most adult divine will read it with instructiveness and pleasure."

As to the manner in which our author hath executed his laudable design of elucidating the articles, and shewing that they contain one literal and grammatical sense of interpretation, in common with all other books, we must, though with reluctance, confess, that he hath in some places failed of success. Like a fearful practitioner in surgery, whose timidity arises from his ignorance and inexperience, he does not venture to probe to the bottom of the difficulty, but leaves the fore salved over, or healed only skin-deep, to break out afresh the first opportunity. Our readers will judge by the following specimens, extracted from his explanation of articles the 11th and 17th.

"*Article 11.* 'Of the justification of man:—We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our works or deservings; wherefore, that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the homily of justification.'

"That the mind of Bishop Jewel was chiefly employed in a compilation of this article, may be reasonably gathered from the following part of his Apology:—'*Legem Dei esse perfectam, et a nobis requirere perfectam et plenam obedientiam, neque esse mortali-*

lium quenquam qui possit in conspectu Dei propriis viribus iustificari; itaque unicum receptum nostrum et peritugium esse ad misericordiam patris nostri per Jesum Christum.

“*First.* The two methods of false reasoning, which have been made use of on this subject by our dissenting Lutherans and Calvinists, stand briefly thus: the one says, that good works are necessary to salvation; and therefore by good works only we are saved. The other says, that faith is necessary to salvation; and therefore by faith only we are saved. But, in both cases, a false conclusion is drawn from given premises; and our conventicle doctors are wrong on both sides of the question; for we are not saved by good works only, nor by faith, but by the concurring efficacy of both. The words *justification* and *salvation*, and the phrases, to be justified and to be saved, are frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament; but it is not necessary to take into consideration in what sense they ought to be understood in the several places in which they occur; because this doctrine of justification or salvation is determined by the literal and grammatical sense of the article in which it is expressed: and, rightly to understand this most important doctrine of justification or salvation, it is requisite to attend to what our Blessed Saviour has declared, in his dividing mankind into the opposite characters of good and bad, or of the righteous and the wicked; and in his pronouncing the one to be, but the other not to be, objects of salvation. Though in his unexpected and undeserved mercy he has proposed a particular condition, upon which both are declared objects of salvation; and therefore he is said, in Scripture language, to be a propitiation and sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. So that even good men, measuring their moral state by the rule of perfect obedience, must, in the character of sinful creatures, acknowledge themselves liable to such punishments as infinite justice shall demand. But through the merits of Christ, by faith, we are graciously promised a remission of sins, or a remission of all external punishments due to disobedience and sin; and therefore, in scripture language, we have obtained a gracious promise of being justified and saved. So that from observations of this nature, I shall give the following brief and paraphrastical interpretation of the article before us, as entirely disengaged from the errors of Lutherans, and the entanglements of Calvinists.

“We are accounted righteous before God only, or we shall be saved only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our works or deservings of a perfect obedience; wherefore that we are justified by faith *only*, or that we are justified by faith with the *concurring efficacy* of an imperfect obedience, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort.”

We cannot think this *paraphrastical interpretation*, as our author calls it, a fair exposition of this article; the words *faith only*, and *only for the merits* of Christ, certainly excluding any *concurring efficacy* whatever. It does not follow that, supposing the conventicle doctors on both sides wrong, that the truth

must lie between both : the truth is, the Calvinists are in the right, and no other sense, consistent with the plain, grammatical meaning of the words, can be put on the article. We do not undertake to say whether St. Paul or St. James lays down the best divinity, or whether, according to Scripture, *good works* may not have a *concurring efficacy* with faith ; but we deny that this is explicitly admitted in the article before us. At the same time, as it is the general declaration, of the compilers of those articles, that they should bear no sense contrary to, or inconsistent with, the Holy Scriptures, we find no justifiable scruple, to a subscription to this article, in those who believe in Scripture, and are satisfied with their mode of reconciling it to the sacred text.

Of this author's elucidation of the 17th article, we can extract but a part.

" *Article 17.* 'Of predestination and election :—Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed, by his counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God, be called according to God's purpose, by his spirit working in due season ; they, through grace, obey the calling ; they be justified freely ; they be made sons of God by adoption ; they be made like the image of his only begotten son, Jesus Christ ; they walk religiously in good works ; and, at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity.'

On this article our author observes, that,

" To a right understanding of this article, it is necessary to distinguish the proper objects of foreknowledge and predestination. That the Almighty has an absolute foreknowledge of all contingencies and events is no ambiguous point with me, but, on the contrary, is rather certain and indisputable. From hence it is evident, that all the good and bad actions of men and angels are objects of foreknowledge, but are not objects of predestination. To say that the Almighty did predestinate, or pre-ordain within himself, that any particular man should live wickedly and rebelliously against the laws of his own supreme government, is blasphemy. To say again, that the spirit of God co-operates with the spirits of wicked men in doing wicked actions, and for their perseverance in a vicious course of living, is also nonsense and blasphemy. In short, such actions only in which the Almighty is *supposed* to be immediately concerned, or to be the author of, are proper objects of predestination. For instance, from a clear foreknowledge of the daily impieties, wickednesses, and rebellions, which the sons of men would be guilty of, the Almighty did predestinate, even before a creation of the world, as a punishment for their sins, that all corporeal objects,

with

with which they are surrounded, should be endowed with certain powers to produce all the different kinds of natural evils, such as agues, fevers, the gout, the stone, broken limbs, plagues, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, and the like; and this, we are clearly informed, in the Holy Scriptures, was done with a gracious design to bring sinful creatures to repentance, to promises of a better obedience for the future, and to the most sincere prayers, that some future trial should be made of their fidelity and allegiance. From a clear foreknowledge again of the almost universal corruptions of idolatry, the Almighty did predestinate, even before the foundations of the world were laid, that, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, a person should be miraculously conceived and born into the world, in the adorable and most exalted character of Jesus, the Son of God, the Christ, or the Messiah; that, by a preaching of the new and divine religion of the Gospel, the corruptions of idolatry should be gradually removed, by bringing the sons of men back to the original religion of our first parents in Paradise, or by introducing into their minds a belief, acknowledgment and adoration of himself, as the one only living and true God of heaven, and that his rational creatures, in consequence of acting up to the laws and precepts of this new religion of the Gospel, should receive, through the merits of Christ, the most comfortable promises and assurances of a final justification and salvation. Now these things, in which the Almighty did resolve to be immediately concerned, are proper objects of predestination: but the moral state of rational creatures, or the morally good and bad actions, which always have and will be done by them, are objects indeed of foreknowledge, but not of predestination. Nor can it be said, without the highest blasphemy, that Almighty God predestinated, before all ages, that one part of his creatures should be damned and the other saved, because it must be directly repugnant to that universal love, good-will, and parental affection, which *he must be supposed* to have for all his rational creatures, as the original parent and supreme governor of them all, without distinction.

“ It has been already observed, and it is necessary to do so again, that the particular doctrines of a preventing and co-operating grace of free-will, of justification, predestination, and election, are doctrines delivered in the writings of the New Testament by Christ himself, and by his apostles, who wrote and preached under some immediate instructions of inspiration from God: I conclude, therefore, and I hope justly, that they must be delivered there in a sense which is perfectly consistent with our notions of the infinite goodness and justice of God. In this sense I understand them, in this I have subscribed. And I further add, that the literal and grammatical construction of words, in which they are expressed in the articles, will fairly admit of this sense, or of a plain interpretation, answerable to it; so that whoever is not ludicrously disposed to cavil, and insolently to contradict, may read these articles to the important purpose of godly edification.”

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We cannot by any means subscribe to the soundness of our author's logic, in the above chain of argumentation. We acknowledge, with him, that the doctrines of predestination and election have been objects of mysterious and unprofitable controversy; but, perhaps, if the controversialists had been mutually and equally agreed, as to the mystery of them, they would not have thrown away their time so unprofitably in the dispute. To admit of the *absolute* foreknowledge of God, and yet to deny his *predestination*, even in its fullest extent, is a palpable absurdity. The disputant sticks fast on the horns of a dilemma, from which he never can be disengaged, without the extraction of one. And yet to deny either, involves an equal absurdity, and leaves the poor logician in the same predicament; nor do we see any way, by which a well-disposed Christian can avoid falling into it, but by admitting both, and revering the doctrine as a mystery, like that of the trinity, or incarnation; of which his rational faculties are by no means capable to judge. To say, with our author, that "such actions only are the proper objects of predestination, as those in which the Almighty is *supposed* to be immediately concerned," is puerile and inconclusive. It is the subjecting of the absolute *decrees* of God to the mere *suppositions* of men. In the same manner, it is equally childish in him to presume, that "the *immediate* instructions of inspiration from God, must be perfectly consistent with our notions of his infinite goodness and justice."

To this *Vindication*, of the article of the church, is added an *Appendix*, in which the author attacks Dr. Priestley, in support of the natural immortality of the soul, and the demolition of the doctrine of philosophical necessity. He is by no means, however, a match for the antagonist he has chosen; whose arguments he frequently misrepresents, apparently for want of clearly comprehending them. K.

*Columella; or the Distressed Anchorite. A colloquial Tale. By the Editor of the Spiritual Quixote. 2 vol. 6s. Doddsley.*

An entertaining production, not destitute of wit and humour, though more strongly marked by the traits of good sense and philanthropy. Of its *moral* the author gives the following account, in his introductory chapter.

"That ease and tranquility which usually attend a retired country life, strongly recommend it to people of the greatest sensibility and

and delicacy of taste. Those who are struggling amidst the tumults and disquietudes almost inseparable from a public station, or a busy life, look forward with ardent wishes towards a calm retreat, as to 'the haven where they long to be;' and to which, after having spent the best part of their days in a diligent discharge of the duties they owe to society, every one has a right to aspire. The greatest and the wisest men of antiquity, heroes, statesmen, orators, and philosophers, after having served their country in the camp, the senate, or the forum, have embraced with rapture this refuge of their old age: and we yet contemplate with pleasure and veneration their Tusculums, their Linternums, and their Sabine farms. Even the primitive anchorets, who were forced to fly from the merciless attacks of persecution, into solitudes and deserts, have been imitated with a romantic kind of enthusiasm, by the religious orders in the Romish church: and cells and hermitages have been the voluntary retreats of illustrious commanders, eminent statesmen, and even of the greatest princes in the Christian world.

"But when a young person, after having been prepared by a liberal education, and a long and regular course of studies, for some learned or ingenious profession, and qualified to be useful to the world in some eminent station; when such a one retires, in the vigour of life, through mere indolence and love of ease; and spends his days in solitude and inactivity; or even in those meaner occupations which persons of inferior abilities and unimproved talents might, with equal, or perhaps with superior, skill, discharge; such a one, I say, not only robs the community of an useful member in a more elevated sphere; but probably lays the foundation of his own infelicity: for he will not only find himself unqualified to enjoy that retirement of which he had formed such romantic ideas; but the consciousness of having deserted his proper station in society (which perhaps he may see filled by some former rival of inferior abilities) and the reflection on his misapplied talents, will probably be a continual source of dissatisfaction and remorse.

"The disappointment and unhappiness, then, which too frequently attend this prevailing love of ease and retirement; this desertion of our duty, before we have performed any thing to merit a discharge from the public service, are the subject of the following authentic narration.\*

This general design is effected in the way of a modern tale; of which the ingenious author appears pleasantly solicitous, lest it should be brought under the denomination of a *novel*, or *romance*. The tale is that of three friends, educated to-

\* Even Paul of Thebais, the father of the Anchorets, seems to have indulged a culpable fondness for solitude and repose: and though he may be justifiable in flying from the persecution under Decius (whatever Mr. G-b-b-n may think) racks and impalements were severer trials than the negative discouragements which our modern separatists complain of, yet he sequestered himself from society much longer than was necessary; when his precepts and example might have been of great service to the infant church.



gether at the university, and severally bent on different pursuits in life. Into this tale are introduced also, by way of episode, a short story or two, tending to illustrate the moral, "That an active life is generally attended with more happiness than an indolent one."—The shortest of these little episodes humourously illustrates the indifference with which men of sense should regard the unavoidable accidents in life, especially when they are not, themselves, materially affected by the consequences.

"An honest sailor, who had lately returned from a successful voyage, was determined to see every diversion which was going on in London at that time of the year. Accordingly, he went to see a play, or rather a farce, at Bartholomew-fair. Every thing was conducted to the satisfaction of such an audience, and received with much rude mirth to the end of the second act; when the benches of the gallery in which the sailor was placed, being over-loaded, suddenly broke down with a dreadful crash and an horrible out-cry; many of the company being much hurt, and one or two having their arms or legs broken.

"The sailor, however, not having suffered by his fall, clapped his oaken staff under his arm, sacked up his trowsers, and walked off, so well satisfied with his entertainment, that the next night he came again to the theatre with great punctuality, and seated himself in the very same place as the preceding night. The same farce was repeated; and, at the end of the second act, our sailor, with great fortitude, composes himself, and calls out to those who sat next him, 'Come, my masters, now for it; we are just a-going! sit fast, my lads!'—In reality, the honest tar considered the falling of the gallery, though a very tragical event, as the principal part of the entertainment, for which he had paid his sixpence."

To this specimen of our author's *practical*, we shall add one of his *theoretical*, philosophy. In a conversation on the subjects of happiness, he affects to define the terms, and fix precisely the meaning, of happiness, in order to enquire, whether there is, or is not, a possibility of obtaining it in this life; proceeding as follows:

"When I talk of happiness, then," says the little Rector, "I do not mean the happiness of angels, or an uninterrupted state of tranquility and enjoyment; but such a degree of it, as so imperfect a creature as man in the scale of being, was intended to attain."

"Very true," says Atticus, "and as the happiness of every creature must arise from living and acting agreeably to its *nature*, the happiness of different animals must vary, according to their various *natures* and organs of perception. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, must have different *kinds of happiness* from each other, and each from that of such a creature as man. To complain, therefore, that man is not capable of a *more perfect* felicity, is as unreasonable as it would be for a fly, or any other insect, to complain, that it was not as happy as an arch-angel.

" Since the happiness of man, then, must arise from living and acting agreeably to his *nature*, let us next enquire, of what particulars the *nature* of man is composed, and that will discover to us what is requisite to constitute his felicity.

" Now, though man partakes, in common with inferior creatures, of some inferior principles; though he has the same instincts and appetites, and the same organs of perception, with some of them; yet he is essentially distinguished from all of them, by the superior faculty of reason and reflection; by his intellectual and moral powers; his conscience, or moral sense of the beauty or deformity, of the guilt or innocence, of his actions; and this faculty bears evident marks of its superiority over those less noble principles, and claims the absolute direction of them on all occasions. Neither can any man be said to live, or act *conformably to his nature*, unless he allows that superior principle (of reason) the authority which is due to it.

" Now, as we are endued with animal passions and sensual appetites, we may certainly partake of animal gratifications and sensual pleasures, in some degree and with due moderation.

" As we are furnished with the powers of fancy, we may innocently amuse ourselves with the pleasures of imagination, with all the various beauties of nature and of art; we may please ourselves with whatever is elegant or ornamental in life, suitably to our rank and fortune: but then all these gratifications must be kept under the strict regulation of reason and religion; otherwise they will be so far from contributing to our happiness, that they will most infallibly render us miserable.

" By gratifying any one principle of our nature to the prejudice of the rest; by giving way to any one passion or appetite; by indulging our imagination, our curiosity, or even our philosophical speculations, beyond the bounds of moderation, and to the neglect of our social duties; we necessarily destroy that harmony and due balance of the affections, and violate that tranquility of the soul, without which true happiness cannot subsist.

" But when this regular self-government is maintained; when the different parts and principles of our nature, the senses, the passions, and the imagination, have their several gratifications allowed them only in due proportion, so that one passion or appetite does not domineer over the rest, nor any of them rebel against the sovereign principle of reason; then probably we shall enjoy all the felicity which we are capable of in this present imperfect state of existence."

All this is plausible, and prettily said; but, as our author hath just reprehended a superficial Scotch writer, for depreciating the art of logic, we must take the liberty to point out a little defect in his own dialectics. In the first place, he does not make a sufficient distinction between the quality or kind of happiness, and the *intensity* or *degree* of it; to both which he should have added, if he were determined to be very precise, the *duration* also. Again, to make happiness depend

pend on our living *conformably to our nature*; which conformity, in its turn, depends on the subjection of our *reason* to our *passions* and *appetites*, is, in our opinion, a very vague and unprecise state of the case. Mr. Home, in his celebrated dialogue on happiness, very justly observes, if we rightly recollect, that the *passions* are as much and truly a part of our nature as is *reason*; so that a man acts, at least, as *naturally* in gratifying his passions, as he does in obeying the dictates of *reason*; and that his *self-denial* is equal in acting against either. Indeed, the truth is, that so far as *happiness* is concerned, *reason* is of no farther use than to direct and regulate the gratification of our passions and appetites. Though it be a *rule*, it is no *motive*, of action, nor doth there result any pleasure from following its guidance, except in that it prevents the inordinate indulgence of the passions, which ever defeats their own end, by converting pleasure into pain. "True happiness," says Atticus, "cannot subsist without tranquility of soul;" but if so, *happiness* is something very different from what is meant by *bliss*, *extasy*, *rapture*, *transport*, and expressive of that exquisite enjoyment, which we are capable of, for a short duration.—To say, that such exquisite happiness can be but temporary, is by no means to deprive it properly of the name of *happiness*; while, on the contrary, to term that only a state of happiness which is capable of long duration, is to pervert the known and common acceptation of words; it is, in fact to reduce *happiness* to mere *content*, or *indifference*; for so should we properly term a *state of tranquility*, in which the human affections were a counterbalance to each other.—We perfectly agree, with Atticus, that the inordinate gratification of the passions tends to misery instead of happiness, and yet we place happiness entirely in their gratification to the highest degree, consistent with reason; which permits us, in acting *conformably to our nature*, frequently to go far beyond that *tranquility of soul*, prescribed by Atticus, as the criterion of true happiness.

We should here dismiss this instructive and agreeable production, did we not think it our duty to mention a trifling fault, which, in a work of less merit, we should certainly have never noticed. This is that of using provincial or exotic terms, which gives even to real elegance of style the appearance of affectation. Thus our author calls a stage-coachman the *voiturier*; a term that is used with propriety enough, as in Lady Miller's Letters, by travellers passing over Mount Cenis; but is not equally so used by stage-coach travellers into the West of England. We reprobate this

practise the rather, as it carries with it a reproach, to our language, of a want of copiousness, which it by no means deserves.

K.

*A Sermon preached at the Chapel-Royal of St. James's Palace, on Ash-Wednesday, 1779. By Robert Lord Bishop of London, Dean of his Majesty's Chapels. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.*

An elegant and judicious discourse on the three first verses of the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke; from which our learned prelate takes occasion to expatiate on the distinction, there subsists, between the state of nations and the situation of individuals, in respect to their being obnoxious to providential calamities: observing that, with regard to the former, who are to be accountable for their actions in a future life, "the sun shines alike on the just and the unjust:" which is not the case with political bodies, nations, and kingdoms; which are exalted by righteousness and depressed and destroyed by wickedness. It would be unjust to our readers, not to quote his Lordship's own words on this occasion.

"Granting, that great afflictions are chastisements of sin; yet ought we not to conclude from thence, that the unhappy sufferers are more wicked than others: or that we, who escape, are more righteous than they. We all deserve punishment; and God as a tender father may correct them, and warn us. As a warning, the sufferings of the eminently righteous might have a better effect, than the punishment of the notoriously wicked: in the latter case, our conscience might assure us, or we might flatter ourselves, that we were not like them; but in the former, we could not but ask ourselves, 'if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear; and if judgment begin at the house of God, what shall be the end of those who obey not the gospel?' If God should be extreme to mark what is done amiss, who may abide it? He may in justice and in mercy punish his most faithful servants; if with severity, yet not beyond their deserts: while he withholds his hand from others more deserving of punishment; and tries, if by such warnings, if by forbearance and long-suffering, if by the riches of his goodness, he may lead them to repentance. Upon the whole then, we have no reason to conclude of those, who are oppressed with great calamities, that they are sinners above all others, because they suffer such things.

"But though our blessed Saviour disapproves of and rebukes this presumptuous practice of interpreting God's visitation of particular persons, and uncharitably inferring from signal calamities great wickedness in the sufferers; yet at the same time he threatens the whole nation with temporal judgments of the like kind; unless they should avert God's wrath by repentance: 'I tell you, Nay, they

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*Postscript to Dr. Price's Sermon on the Fast-Day.* 325

are not greater sinners than others; but except ye repent, ye shall all, the whole nation of you, for your general depravity, for your manifold crimes and provocations, for your contempt of the forbearance and long-suffering of God, ye shall all perish in like manner; and your destruction shall be so signally marked with the hand of God, that all men shall see, that it is his work, and that the Lord himself hath done it.' All this, as the event shewed, was implied in our blessed Saviour's admonition to the Jews.

"The most High ruleth in the kingdom of men; he giveth it to whomsoever he will; he putteth down one, and setteth up another; he increaseth the nations, and destroyeth them; he enlargeth the nations, and straiteneth them again.' On the grounds of reason and experience, and from our notions of the wisdom and justice of God, we may be allowed to observe a more equal providence dispensed in the fates of kingdoms, than in the affairs of individuals. The cases are widely different; and the same reasons, motives, and ends, do not hold in both. Kingdoms and nations, as such, are beings of the present world, and they are obnoxious to the judgments of God in this life only: therefore the counsels of God with regard to them may be governed by other rules; and we are warranted to estimate their prosperity and adversity by measures different from those, by which we ought to judge of the merits and demerits of private persons. The language of Scripture is in this respect agreeable to the universal testimony of history; 'That righteousness exalteth a nation, but wickedness is not only a reproach, but in the end sure destruction to any people.' It hath pleased God so to constitute the nature and order of things, that the one follows the other by certain consequence; as well as sometimes also by his peculiar decree."

In the application of his discourse, his Lordship earnestly recommends the serious consideration of the present moral and religious state of this nation.

*Postscript to Dr. Price's Sermon on the Fast-Day. Containing Remarks on a Passage in the Bishop of London's Sermon, preached at the Chapel Royal on Ash-Wednesday last. 8vo. Given away by the Booksellers.*

"The Bishop of London," says Dr. Price, "in a sermon preached on Ash-Wednesday last in the chapel royal, and since published and addressed to the reverend the clergy and inhabitants of the diocese of London, has pointed me out as a person 'whose study it has long been to introduce confusion, to encourage sedition, and to destroy all rule and authority; by traducing government, despising dominion, speaking evil of dignities, and assuming visionary and impracticable principles as the only true foundations of a free government,'

ment, which tend to raise discontents in the people, to *harden some in actual rebellion, and to dispose others to follow their example.*"

To this passage, in the Bishop's sermon, is subjoined, in the printed copy, the following note.

"As far as, in any instance, the operation of any cause comes in to restrain the power of self government, so far slavery is introduced," Dr. Price's Observations on Civil Liberty. Sect. I. 'The representation must be *complete*. No state, a *part* of which only is represented in the legislature that governs it, is *self-governed*.' Additional Observations, Sect. I. From which it follows, that a vast majority of the people of England, all that have no vote for representatives in parliament, are slaves."

Nothing can be plainer, we think, than that our learned and loyal metropolitan, meant to point at Dr. Price, as he himself supposes. Those wise critics, the *Monthly* Reviewers, however, declare, that "after considering, with the most accurate attention, the above passage, it is impossible, in their opinion," to consider Dr. Price, as the person pointed out by his Lordship. Dr. Price appears, nevertheless, much hurt by the notice thus taken of him, and his principles, and endeavours to justify himself, and support them.

In doing this, he continues to ring the changes on the words *liberty*, *slavery*, and *self-government*; without ever once reflecting on that most essential distinction, which is so obvious, when significantly expressed in our English phraseology, when we say of one man, that he is *his own master*, and of another, that he is *master of himself*, the former indicating his living *licentious*, and without controul, and the latter his living *at liberty*, under the restraints of right reason.

He proceeds to bring, what he thinks, an *argumentum ad hominem*, as follows.

"It may be more necessary to put the Bishop in mind, that the theory of government with which he is so much displeased, may be found not only in Mr. Locke's writings, but in all the writers on laws and government who have been most admired in this country; and that the assertion by which I have given most offence, namely, 'That in a free state every man ought to be his own legislator,' was *first* the assertion of Montesquieu, and has been since the assertion of Mr. Justice Blackstone. Language to this effect has been hitherto the common language of all the friends of civil liberty; and it has been adopted by many of the reverend clergy themselves, in their sermons on public occasions. One instance of this deserves the Bishop's particular notice. The excellent Dr. Lowth, in a sermon preached at the assizes at Durham in 1764, observes, "That the greatest and most important privilege that any people can possibly enjoy, is to be governed by laws framed by their own advice or consent." This he represents "as the true liberty of a state, and the particular happiness of the collective body of people in this country, in virtue of the right of representation which they enjoy, the act of representatives freely chosen



chosen by themselves being," he says, "to be esteemed their own act." Is not this the same with saying, that a free people are *their own* legislators, or that *free* government is *self-government*? How unfortunate then am I, in having brought upon myself, by such expressions, the Bishop's ill opinion?"

We see no great misfortune in a presbyterian parson's differing in opinion from a bishop; although, we think, the Doctor unfortunate enough in not possessing a sufficient perspicuity of idea to investigate these matters clearly. With his reverence's leave, there is a wide difference, in point of propriety, between the use of arguments in the time of Mr. Locke, and their use at present. The notions of the divine rights of kings, so prevalent in Mr. Locke's time, are now universally exploded by all parties: and as to the expression of a Montesquieu or a Blackstone, respecting "every man's being his own legislator," it is a kind of professional political cant, as unmeaning as that of our modern advertisements of every man his own broker, every man his own doctor, every man his own lawyer, &c. &c.

As to the Doctor's attempt to condemn the Bishop out of his own mouth, it is a glaring proof of that want of clearness of head, under which he unfortunately labours. There is a great distinction to be made between "the privilege private persons enjoy of being governed by laws, made by representatives freely chosen by themselves," and the privilege of their individually interfering in the formation or administration of those laws. The term *self-government*, when applied to individuals, severally possessed of a small part of that *sovereignty*, which they are, nevertheless, admitted collectively to execute, is a vague and unmeaning term.\* Granting that the deputies or representatives of the people, to whom the formation of law, and the administration of government is delegated, are accountable to the people, in whom the sovereignty is ultimately vested; they are accountable to them only for the due discharge of their office, in a manner conducive to the good of the whole. There is a law of natural society antecedent, and superior to all laws, civil or municipal; *salus populi suprema lex*. The legally chosen

\* The Doctor builds much on the present imperfect and unequal parliamentary representation of the people of England, taking occasion to call those *slaves*, who do not personally vote for representatives; but this is in a great measure a nominal grievance: at least it might be remedied by a more equal representation. It is yet to be doubted, whether such a remedy, however properly applied, would have all the good effects desired. A corruption of principles and manners hath so widely diffused itself among electors of all ranks, as well as the elected, that our boasted *liberty* seems to be as merely nominal as our detested *slavery*.

administrators of a free government, are accountable only to their right *reason*, and not to their prejudices, ignorance, or caprice. The minister or magistrate, who, conscious of the integrity of his heart, and fully convinced of the rectitude of his judgment, should yield to the unreasonable demands and riotous clamours of the people, would be unworthy of the confidence reposed in him, he would betray his trust, and would resemble a weak woman; who, to quiet the crying of a child, should give it poison in a sugar-plumb. According to Dr. Price's doctrine, a people may, without a proper reason, and merely from caprice, resume the sovereignty, dismiss their deputies and representatives; they may even say, we do not chuse to be governed at all. And, indeed, if a whole people should be gone so far, and be frantic enough to do so, I know not how they are to be hindered, or who would attempt to reclaim a nation of madmen. But, stopping even so little short of this point of insanity, and admitting, that some kind of civil government is necessary to their existence; we affirm, that they have no more right thus unreasonably to determine on its dissolution, than an individual hath to take away his own life; the act differing only as do a moral and political suicide.

K.

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*An Antidote to Popery; or the Protestant's Memory jogged in Season: By the following Narratives and Facts. 1. The Persecutions of the Protestants in the Reigns of Henry IV. V. VIII. and that of Queen Mary. 2. The Irish Martyrology. 3. Popish Treasons and Conspiracies in England. 4. Persecutions in France. 5. Extracts of Letters from Lisbon, by an eminent Minister of the Church of England. 6. A short Account of the most material Errors now taught in the Church of Rome. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. 12mo. 3d. or 2s. 6d. a Dozen. Matthews.*

That this jogg to the memory of Protestants would be seasonable, if it were not quite so violent, we admit: but the zeal with which our author inveighs against the Romanists, however consistent with knowledge, rather gives it the air of a *jolt* than a *jogg*, and will, we apprehend, rather tend to set Protestants and Papists together by the ears, than serve as a gentle caution to keep them quietly clear of each other.

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*The*

*The Dialogues of Eumenes; or, the Religion of the Heart, distinguished from the Attachment to mere Modes, which too frequently deforms the Christian Temper.* 12mo. 3s. sewed. Dilly.

To these dialogues is prefixed the following advertisement.

"The design of the author, in writing these dialogues, was to cherish, in his own breast, what he apprehends to be the true spirit of Christianity; to draw off the minds of young people, especially those of a religious education, from too great a dependence on the forms of devotion, and to furnish a species of reading, calculated to engage the attention, and mend the heart.

"How far he has attained his purpose, especially in the two last particulars, he leaves, without much solicitude for his reputation as a writer, to his friends and the public, to determine.

"It is a spontaneous production: has been the trifling, but agreeable amusement of some leisure hours. No attention, however, which the author was capable of, to render it acceptable, has been omitted.—While the formalist, and the bigot, in religion, may not be gratified, on the one hand; he presumes, it is next to impossible, that the candid and serious christian should be offended, on the other.

"He has only to add, that many of the incidents which occur in the course of these dialogues, were taken from real life; a circumstance, which may serve to render the application more natural and certain, than could, perhaps, have been expected from mere fiction."

We hardly understand what our author means by calling this little work a *spontaneous* production, nor do we know in what sense he gives, it the epithet of *trifling*.—The design and object of it appear to be too important to merit the name of a trifling amusement; and though we might not be disposed to pay him any high compliment on the literary merit of its execution, it is very far from deserving to be regarded as trifling.—We are sorry our plan will not admit of our quoting some of the pertinent narratives and agreeable anecdotes, with which these dialogues abound; but cannot dismiss it without some specimen of the manner in which the writer displays a very just and liberal way of thinking in matters of piety and true religion.

In dialogue the Fifth, between *Libertus* and *Servitius*, the following altercation is related to have taken place, respecting the ceremonials of religion.

"Do you think then, said *Servitius*, that the several modes of mortification and penance, proposed and practised by good men in the different ages of the world, have no tendency to promote true piety, and recommend us to mercy? Some of these, you know,

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were of divine appointment, and the strict observation of them attended with the happiest consequences. And pray, what reason have we to suppose, that fasting, and other acts of humiliation and penance, are less proper, or less acceptable to God now, than they were in time past? I think, I can say, unless I am much mistaken, that I have found my account in attending to some of them.

"It may be so, replied Libertus. A truly good man will not rest in the external act; he will endeavour to make a right use of every institution. But, let it be remembered, that penance and repentance are by no means to be confounded: they are quite different things; the former may subsist without the latter, and when this is the case, I may affirm, that it cannot, by any means, serve the true interest of the soul; nay, it is more likely to be injurious to it.

"In this surely, says Servitius, I must beg leave to differ from you. That man, who chooses, from tenderness of conscience, to fast twice in a week, that is, to eat fish instead of flesh on Wednesdays and Fridays, is certainly a better man than he, who has no scruples about the matter, and indulges himself every day alike. The man who keeps Lent, according to the strict rules of our church, must needs be a more holy man, and a much better christian, than he who pays no regard to it. We must put on self denial, and mortify our members on earth, or how can we hope, my dear friend, to be admitted into the kingdom of heaven?

"A tender conscience, said Libertus, is a desirable thing; but we should distinguish between a tender conscience and a scrupulous conscience. A tender conscience is truly solicitous to avoid every known sin, and to practise every known duty; and is especially affected with every deviation of the heart from God. But a scrupulous conscience is chiefly solicitous about things indifferent, and is much more attentive to the external rite, than to the inward temper, in the exercises of religion.

"O, my friend, replied Servitius, I do not much like your nice distinctions. I fear they savour too much of Libertine principles in religion. Should a scrupulous conscience as you call it, be once entirely dismissed, I should think, what you call a tender conscience would soon follow. For my part, I always choose to err, if at all, on the sure side of the question.

"You are very right, said Libertus. But what do you think of our neighbour Bibulus of the Chantry. You know him to be as strict as any man can be in observing the rites of our church. I dare say, you never knew him dine on beef or mutton on a fast day, in all your life; and yet, I am told, Bibulus will take the Lord's name in vain a hundred times a day; that, when he is provoked to it, he will swear in a style as sonorous as that of any fox-hunter in all the country; that after a strict fast on Ash Wednesday, or even on a Good Friday, he will take a cheerful glass, and go to bed as happy as on any other evening in the whole year. Bibulus has what one may call a scrupulous conscience. Compare him with our friend Donatus at the Grange. He pays, it should seem, no  
regard

regard to any of the fasts, nor, as I know of, to any of the feasts, which you think for properly distinguished in our calendar. We only see him at Church on a Sunday, and even then he is not always so attentive to uniformity as we could wish him to be. I have sometimes seen him standing, while all the rest of the congregation have been kneeling; his face has been often turned to the belfry, when it should have been directed to the altar; and, I think I never heard him say ten words after the minister in all my life, nor, to the best of my remembrance, never once saw him bow at the name of Jesus! And yet, it should seem, Donatus is strict in his morals, one of the best of neighbours; and, I am told, a humble, serious, and exemplary christian.

"I know, says Servitius, your charity to be very extensive; but, for my part, I can have no very good opinion of a man, who pays so little regard to what you call the forms of religion.

"Perhaps, replied Libertus, my charity may not be so very extensive as you may imagine. Bibulus is hospitable, treats his friend with the generosity of a prince, is what you call a good churchman, and keeps Lent as strictly as any of us need to keep it; and yet, to be even with you, I cannot but think Donatus, with all his libertine sentiments in religion, a much better christian than he.

"I perceive, however, that my friend does not like my nice distinctions, that he has no very great opinion of my charity; and the reason is, all these seem to militate against his favourite doctrine of mortification and penance. I will therefore advert to what my friend, I hope, will yet allow to be of much higher authority.

"Be not carried about with diverse and strange doctrines; for it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace, not with meats which have not profited them that have been occupied therein.—Meat commendeth us not to God, for neither, if we eat, are we the better; neither, if we eat not, are we the worse.—For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth: for God hath received him.—For the sacrifices of God are a broken heart, and a contrite spirit. And the kingdom of God is within you."

In a subsequent dialogue the conversation of the same personages turns on the present popular topic of subscriptions to articles of faith and the mode of distinction between formal and vital religion. Passing by a church,

"This sacred edifice, said Servitius, I have been told, was originally dedicated to St. Faith,

"Saint Faith! said Libertus, pray who is Saint Faith! a real or symbolical personage; a male, or a female saint?

"I must confess, replied Servitius, that I am not sufficiently read in ancient history to give a direct answer to your questions.

But I should rather suppose Saint Faith to have been a real person, and a female. Faith is, I think, still found in the list of the proper names of women. And you know it was the custom of antiquity to dedicate their churches to such persons only as had obtained the distinguished epithet, which we here find affixed to it, by canonization. It is therefore most natural to suppose, that St. Faith was a lady of such extraordinary piety and goodness, as to be thought worthy of this high honour.

“ I see no reason, said Libertus, why a church may not as well be dedicated to Saint Faith, as to Saint Bridget, Saint Catherine, Saint Margaret, Saint Gregory, Saint Leonard; or any other male or female saint whatsoever.

“ Perhaps, said Servitius, you are ready to think, it may as well not be dedicated to any saint, or not dedicated at all.

“ Here my friend is, for once, certainly mistaken, for I think that all churches, or places of public worship, should be dedicated to the only proper object of divine adoration, the great God of heaven and earth.

“ True, my friend, replied Servitius. But surely it cannot be improper to call every church, at least, by the name of some saint. The custom doubtless obtained in the earliest ages of christianity, and seems to me to be well calculated to preserve a kind of religious respect to the exemplary piety and holiness of those eminent professors and martyrs, who might seem to deserve so distinguished a commemoration.

“ The custom might obtain in what you call the earliest, but, I think it could not be in the purest ages of Christianity. It is, in my opinion, a species of idolatry which took its rise in the Romish church; and what good purpose it has answered in that church, the shrines of many of their eminent saints may abundantly testify. In Protestant countries, I must confess, it is become a much more harmless superstition. The names are retained, but the idolatry ceases. There is, I dare say, no more respect paid to Saint Faith, than to Saint Bridget. Nay, where the image of the saint has been long since removed, and the name entirely forgotten, the parish church is as well attended, as though the dereliction had never happened.

“ It may be so, replied Servitius, and I wish this may not be one sign of the profligacy and inattention of the age in which we live. For I cannot but think, that were, what you call the appendages of religion more strictly attended to by men of sense and erudition, it would have a good effect on the common people, and go a good way to preserve the national virtue, in which, I am sure, there is at present, a lamentable deficiency.

For my part, said Libertus, I allow, and lament that deficiency, as much as you, but I must impute it to other causes, chiefly to the want of an inward principle, the true fear of God in the heart. Nothing short of this, I am persuaded, will keep the rich, or the poor, the learned or the unlearned, in the proper line of their duty. Pretenders to religion, however strict in attending to the mere forms, however zealous and clamorous in the support of a party,  
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have, sooner or later, brought a much greater disgrace, and done more hurt, to the interest of religion, than the most remiss and profligate, who make no pretensions to it. But to return to the object before us. You say, the church was dedicated to Saint Faith. It might be so; but, methinks, I rather perceive something emblematical in the structure. It is built, you see, on a solid rock; and the spire is of an uncommon height. The one very aptly signifies to us the foundation, or authority of the Christian faith, the other its heavenly nature and tendency.

"Whether this was the real intention or not, replied Servilius, the thought is certainly just and natural. The Christian faith is supported by the most respectable authority. The three creeds, so wisely adopted by our church, the Nicene, the Athanasian, and what is commonly called the Apostle's creed, have stood the test of ages, and will, no doubt, define, as well as defend, the orthodox faith of the catholic church, to the latest posterity.

"I will not dispute with you at present, says Libertus, either the antiquity or the authenticity of the three respectable creeds which you have mentioned; but, had they been drawn up with greater caution, had they been less explanatory, or more consistent with each other than they are, I should by no means choose to rest the Christian faith on their authority. We have a more sure word of prophecy. The scriptures of the Old and New Testament constitute the creed of Christians, and of Protestants; and, after all that has been said in defence of human formulas, the Christian faith, I think, can only be supported, with any degree of consistency, by the authority of divine revelation.

"But do you not know, Libertus, that Papists and Protestants, Arians and Socinians, heretics, schismatics, and sectaries of all sorts, alledge the authority of scripture in support of their different and opposite tenets? And how then can you insinuate, that the acknowledgement of divine revelation is a sufficient test of orthodoxy? No, my friend, it is necessary that our faith be reduced to a more certain standard; or, at least, that the sense of scripture be rendered more precise and determined. And pray, how can this be done, but by having recourse to the more ancient and authentic symbols of the Christian church? I intreat you, therefore, not to depart from this sure foundation.

"My dear friend, replied Libertus, cannot much blame me, nor, I think, be very anxious for my safety, while I choose to build on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself, the chief corner stone. This, I trust, is my hope, I believe it is yours; and, if so, I am sure it will never fail us.

"No, said Servilius, but is it not a desirable thing, that there should be an uniformity of opinions in our church? and that heretics and infidels should be kept out of it!

"I cannot, at present, be very explicit in my answer to your questions. But this I can say, that the method, which has been adopted, is by no means adequate to the end proposed. We have Arians, Socinians, Sabellians, Enthusiasts, and, I fear, Infidels and Deists,

Deists, in our church, who, for the sake of the emoluments, belie their principles, solemnly subscribe the articles, which they do not believe, and make no scruple to read those forms in the desk, which they condemn as soon as they get into the pulpit. Creeds, subscriptions, and even oaths, are of no avail, where conscience and true religion are wanting. Nay, I may go further, and venture to affirm, that let a man's faith be ever so orthodox, as to the form of it, should his heart be unaffected with it, that man's religion is vain.

"Hypocrites and Infidels there may be, but do you think, said Servitius, that a man, who has true faith, or, which is the same thing, who verily believes the articles of our church, can be destitute of real religion! No, surely, I might as well give up all pretensions to common sense, as suppose it. Besides, it is so very inconsistent with that extensive charity, which you are recommending to your neighbours on all occasions, that you will not, you cannot avow it.

"Yes, indeed I do; it has been a long and settled principle with me. I make no scruple to affirm, that a man may firmly believe the fundamental articles of Christianity, and make a splendid profession of religion, and yet be worse than an infidel.

"This, replied Servitius, is a strange doctrine indeed!

"Strange as this doctrine may appear, the truth asserted is, I fear, much too common! and that not only among the more thoughtless and inattentive, but even among those who have made more than common pretensions to religion."

Libertus proceeds to illustrate this point by a familiar example; for which we must refer our readers to the Dialogues themselves.

N.

*Poems on various Subjects. By Ann Murry, Author of Mentoria. 4to. 5s. sewed. Dilly.*

As we have already introduced this sensible and ingenious young writer to the acquaintance of our readers, we shall content ourselves on the present occasion, with giving a specimen or two, of her poetical abilities, from the pleasing productions before us; selecting such as seem to convey the truest picture of the author's turn and disposition; which appear to be equally happy and amiable, whatever opinion a fastidious critic may form of her genius and talents for literary composition.

*Ode to Contentment.*

"Hail, sweet Contentment, calm Repose!

The balm of comfort shed,

Oh! let me not complain of woes,

By thy kind guidance led!

To

To thee Compassion is allied,  
 Revengeful hope unknown;  
 As thou a stranger art to pride,  
 From thee is Discord is flown.

Tho' plain and humble be my lot,  
 Yet grant me strength of mind;  
 So shall I find, though in a cot,  
 Pleasures the most refin'd.

With pity shall behold the great,  
 While no rude cares molest;  
 Nor fond desire for useless state,  
 Disturb my tranquil breast.

In silent glen, in hollow cave,  
 And hermit's lonely cell,  
 Where winding streams delight to lave,  
 Reflection deigns to dwell.

Far from the bustling scenes of life,  
 I wish in peace to rest;  
 Remov'd from vanity and strife,  
 In calm retirement blest.

To me in Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Appear the rash and bold;  
 The vain, the wealthy, and the bad,  
 Who thirst for nought but gold.

With horror such delights behold,  
 As deck the festive scene;  
 Tho' young, am prematurely old,  
 Collected, grave, serene.

To thee, Contentment, thus I bend,  
 With meek and humble heart;  
 In pity to my pray'r attend,  
 And lend thy soothing art!

*Ode to Complacency.*

" Complacency! thou gift refin'd!  
 To me thy aid impart;  
 Preserve thy empire in my mind,  
 And regulate my heart.

Thy presence will adorn each scene,  
 With modest temp'rate rays;  
 Grant, I become like thee serene,  
 Nor thirst for empty praise.

Oh! lead me to thy sacred bow'r,  
 Where Peace and Virtue dwell;  
 There let me feel thy healing pow'r,  
 To Folly bid farewell.

This the chief purpose of my soul,  
To seek thy blest abode ;  
Contentment the inviting goal,  
And rectitude the road.

With cautious step, and steady pace,  
The checquer'd path I view ;  
Behold the end, and destin'd race,  
To reach what I pursue.

By thee enabled, hence shall gain  
A conquest o'er my mind ;  
Defy the threat'ning frowns of pain,  
By innocence refin'd.

From guilt, and superstition free,  
Oh ! may I ne'er repine ;  
In ev'ry state, and each decree,  
Obey the will divine !

*A Familiar Epistle to Miss Coker.*

" You challenge me to write in rhyme,  
Though I have neither sense or time ;  
Nor can I well the boon refuse,  
So thus invoke the sacred Muse.  
Hail ! gentle Clio ! form the verse,  
In numbers musical and terse ;  
Diffuse thy softness o'er each line,  
Friendship and Love, with grace combine !  
In vain I strive to bring things pat in,  
And have recourse to French and Latin :  
Yet fear that I at last must seek,  
A firm ally in ancient Greek.  
Or grown perhaps quite gay and airy,  
Address bright Oberon the fairy,  
To take me in his pigmy train,  
Of his light shackles proud and vain ;  
Reclin'd on bank of Asphodel,  
Hearing thy nore, sweet Philomel !  
With dulcet tones enrich my song,  
For such alone to thee belong.  
Or sipping of the midnight dew,  
In acorn cup, or violet blue,  
The magic orgies nightly keep,  
Whilst mortals are absorb'd in sleep.  
When thus I paus'd—the Muse reply'd,  
" All vain pretenders I deride :  
" 'Tis not to take a pen and ink,  
" And sit thee down intent to think,  
" With fine gilt paper, silver standish,  
" And lousy plume with grace to brandish,

" That

*The Carmen Seculare of Horace.*

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" That will express a thought complete,  
 " Or raise it on heroic feet !  
 " I should prefer a Garreteer,  
 " Who writes with chalk or dregs of beer ;  
 " Whose lines on scraps are badly writ,  
 " The remnants of neglected wit.  
 " Hear my decree, nor ever write,  
 " Unless good-sense the lays indite.  
 " In works of fancy spend thy time,  
 " Nor ever more attempt to rhyme ;  
 " The needle thou canst wield with skill,  
 " Which time and vapours sure will kill.  
 " If thou this edict wilt not brook,  
 " And still desire to write a book,  
 " Enough has been already wrote,  
 " For thee to copy or to quote."  
 Thus ended her severe discourse,  
 Which struck my mind with poignant force :  
 Yet summon'd courage to reply,  
 Why dost thou spurn me ? tell me why,  
 Most cruel Clio ! or refuse,  
 To be my patronizing Muse ?  
 Didst thou but know, as well as *me*,  
 My Laura's manners kind and free,  
 Thou would'st not then reject my suit,  
 Or doom me to be ever mute :  
 The mere narration of her worth,  
 May well supply my fancy's dearth ;  
 The pleasing qualities I find  
 Implanted in her tender mind,  
 Ask not the foreign aid of verse,  
 Their various merits to rehearse ;  
 But wrote in plain and simple prose,  
 Will clearly their own worth disclose.  
 Thus I thy mandate will obey,  
 Nor ever more attempt to lay  
 An off'ring at thy golden shrine,  
 But willows round my temples twine.

N.

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*The Carmen Seculare of Horace.* 4to. 1s. 6d. Sold at Freeman's Hall.

It is somewhere remarked, by that shrewd and singular observer, J. J. Rousseau, that no writer can be well *master* of more than one language ; an observation, which the publication before us seems to confirm ; the editor, the famous Joseph Baretti, having addressed the English reader in a preface,

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which

which we suppose he intended of course to be English.\* To the text of the *Carmen Seculare*, which he hath taken the liberty also to alter,\* he hath annexed a translation, which serves to prove, that he understands Latin just as little as he does English. It may seem strange, that such a smatterer should be so anxious, as he tells us he was, for having the *Carmen Seculare* set to music; nor can we guess the motive for his anxiety, for such an attempt taking place, unless it was to give him a fresh opportunity of displaying the wonderful extent of his knowledge in classical learning as well as of modern languages.† In doing this, however, he hath, as usual, only exposed his own ignorance. In the first place, he insists, that the Odes of Horace were all written for music, and indeed composed by the author to the sound of certain musical instruments. It is not worth while to controvert this opinion, as Voltaire, and a hundred other critics, have exploded it. Master Baretti's reason, for adapting the *Carmen Seculare* to modern music, is, however, curious.

"Modern composers," says he, "must be charged with want of sagaciousness or curiosity for having forborne to avail themselves of subjects which would have teemed with an infinite variety of new modulations. They ought to have decorated with music the fine sense of that poet, as it fortunately happens to be wrapped up in the most melodious metres, and expressed in the most significant words. Be it true, that it is impossible in our days to ascertain how the *Carmen Seculare* was set in the days of Augustus, and that we cannot even guess to what tunes the other Odes were sung, if they were ever sung. Can we do nothing more than read and recite them, because we cannot determine these points? Are we utterly to forbear rendering them still more delightful, because we are ignorant of the notes that once enlivened them? Being ignorant of the true pronunciation of the Latin tongue, we give all over Europe such sounds to its syllables, as would, in all probability, seem rude and

\* And that in a manner, which, he tells us, Horace himself would not disapprove, if he was living: and yet our modernizer hath made the verse false prosody, or rather made it no verse at all.

HORACE says, *Perfes atque Britannos*.—BARETTI says, *Mauris, feras et Indos*.

† Or unless he had a view to the pecuniary catastrophe in sharing the spoils of the public, as well as of the poor singers and fidlers, who were employed to perform this Ode at Free-Mason's Hall; on whose account, Master Baretti affects to be much concerned, that Philidor, his friend and partner in the undertaking, should take French leave, and carry off the money, without paying the piper. The credulity and folly of our English people of fashion, in lavishing encouragement on these exotic vagabonds, would be amazing, did we not see it daily repeated. It reminds us, however, of a reflection, made by the writer of the case of authors, who observes, that there is a fashionable circle, "into which, if a man get any how introduced, and a point is made to serve him, it matters not, whether he deserves to be posted at the altar or at Tyburn." How far this remark is applicable to either or both of the abovementioned adventurers, is left to those whom it may concern.



disgustful to an ancient Roman. Yet, under this unavoidable disadvantage, we read and recite the Odes of Horace with the greatest pleasure. Why then should we scruple to give them a modern music as we do a modern pronunciation, and fairly try whether they may, or may not, afford us a new species of pleasure, though not set off in the modulations of the Augustan age?"

In our opinion, the acknowledged ignorance of the moderns, in the true pronunciation of the Latin tongue, is a sufficient reason against the attempt to set Latin verse to music; especially, if, what Rousseau affirms, be true, that the merit of all music depends on its affinity with the language from which it derives its character. Our pseudo-critic appears to be as much mistaken in respect to the purpose and occasion of the poetical composition itself.

"*Carmen Seculare*," says he, "means a poem, or a song, made at the beginning of a *Seculum*; that is, of a century, to hail it in auspiciously. It was the custom of the Romans to celebrate the foundation of their city at the beginning of every century by a great festival; in which, among a variety of games and diversions, a Song was introduced, made in honour of Apollo and Diana, the tutelar deities of their town, to implore a continuance of their favour and protection."

Now we learn from Zosimus, and other writers, that the *secular games* were first instituted in the middle of a century, from the period of the building of Rome, viz. in or about 255, *ab anno urbis conditæ*. They are said also to have been first instituted, to avert a plague; to which the words,

*miseram famem*

*Pestemque*

are supposed to relate.

As to the several odes, here collected together, after Sanadon, their disposition is arbitrary and chimerical. In Sanadon's original arrangement, there was, indeed, a gross absurdity; as *Spiritus mihi Phæbus*, &c. in which Horace gives directions to the fingers, was disposed as an epilogue. This was justly objected to, and altered by Francis; whom Baretti has implicitly followed. It is further remarkable, that the third part, *Dianam teneræ*, &c. is written in Alcaic measure, whereas, the rest of the Ode, except the preface, is in Sapphic. This, with some other circumstances, leaves room to doubt, whether this hymn might not be one of those sung in the *Ludi Apollinares*, at some other time, or perhaps at the same time, as those games were sometimes performed with the Secular. Be all this, however, as it may, Master Baretti talks here very peremptorily and dogmatically, of what, it appears that, he knows little or nothing about. As to his

English translation, it is evidently made from some wretched French version, and is as bald and puerile, as defective and erroneous. To say nothing of sins of omission, take, reader, a few of commission; *pueros latentes matris in alvo*, is translated *children ripped from their mothers*. *Intonsum Cynthium* is *Cynthus with flowing hair*—*Pueros castos* is *untainted boys*, an Italian idea in English words surely!—*Visere* is to *visit*—*Pudorque priscus* is *antiquated modesty*; and *beata copia*, is *wealthy plenty*. A school-boy would be whipped for such blunders, and yet the learned Mr. Joseph Baretti, secretary for foreign correspondence to the royal academy, assures us, that, “in this translation, he hath *done his best* to convey the sense of it to those who are not acquainted with the Latin tongue:” adding modestly,

“The learned will readily excuse the few notes, all taken from Sanadon, that accompany the version. The ladies may want them; and they may besides call back to the memory of the younger scholars a few things possibly forgotten since their departure from Oxford and Cambridge. *Valete omnes, et plaudite.*”

*Considerations on the Propriety of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, acceding to a Declaration of their Belief in the Holy Scriptures, annexed to a Bill now depending in Parliament, for the farther Enlargement of religious Liberty.* 1s. Robson.

This writer's *considerations* will be of great service to the *time-servers* among the dissenting ministers. Probably, many of them, with the *considerer* at their head, will go to the next quarter sessions, and forgetting their sneers and indignation at the established clergy, in subscribing a religious test for immunities—forgetting also their own first and true principle of Protestant dissent, “that the magistrate hath no authoritative right of interference in matters of religious faith and worship”—they will go, we say, and avail themselves of the new bill, comply with the test it imposes, and to obtain exemptions and immunities, will cheerfully receive God's holy word, sanctified to them by human authority.

*Free Thoughts on the Inconsistency of conforming to any religious Test, as a Condition of Toleration, with the true Principle of Protestant dissent.* By John Palmer, Minister to a Society of Protestant Dissenters in New Broad-Street. 1s. Johnson.

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This writer knows his principles as a protestant dissenter, and ably defends them on the head of religious liberty, against the quibbling of the preceding author. He hath demonstrated the inconsistency of his brethren's conforming to any religious test as a *condition* of their *toleration*; and his generosity is such, that he had rather suffer the severities of the present penal laws, than accept a partial and inadequate relief for himself, and so leave those who adhere to their principles in a state of greater insecurity and danger than they were in before. This pamphlet is worthy the serious perusal of every dissenting minister who thinks to qualify under the new act of toleration.

*Thoughts in younger Life on interesting Subjects; or Poems, Letters, and Essays, moral, elegiac, and descriptive, written principally on, or at the Request of young Friends: with Memoirs of the Author. By George Wright, Esq. Author of the rural Christian. 12mo. 3s. Buckland.*

This author quotes for his motto the well-known passage of Mr. Pope.

In parts superior what advantage lies?

Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known,

To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

We cannot see what reference this passage bears to the performance before us. Is the author, notwithstanding he is a poet, and of sufficient consequence to be *memoir'd* in the Preface, modest enough to disclaim all pretensions to superior parts? Is he humble enough to acknowledge himself ignorant of the qualities of wisdom, and in no respect liable to the mortifications which attend its pursuits, and the disappointments which too frequently close its enquiries; and therefore not being wise enough to feel his own faults, is he fool enough to expose them to others? If this is not the idea he wishes to convey by his motto, we are unable to discern the reason for which it was quoted.

We could have helped our author to a motto less ambiguous, and in all respects more suitable to himself and his performance, if he had consulted us on so important an occasion. He might have adopted in sober sadness what Mr. Pope uttered between jest and earnest.

Why did I write ? What sin to me unknown  
 Dipp'd me in ink ?—My parents', or my own ?  
 But let Squire Wright speak for himself, and—for us too.

“ Methinks I hear some person present say,  
 The man's a fool !—he'd better kept away,  
 Than thus intruded—  
 Who does he think will mind his paltry rhyme,  
 His stupid stuff ?—

Pray, what (says another one, knitting his brow)  
 Is the *short, little* gentleman going to say now ?  
 He has got a good, modest assurance, no doubt,  
 What in life can he think to be talking about ?  
 He had better be still, 'tis an artful disguise,  
 For a fool while he's silent is thought to be wise.

Sage advice, indeed ! and as the same royal proverbialist observes, “ he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise, but the way of a fool is right in his own eyes.” And for that reason, we presume, (for we can think of no other after such very good admonition) our author threw his mite into the sinking fund of dulness. N.

*Ministers Labourers together with God, a Sermon preached at Exeter, before the Assembly of the dissenting Clergy of Devon and Cornwall, Sept. 9, 1778. By the Reverend Sir Harry Tre-  
 lawney, Bart. A. B. Minister of the Presbyterian Church at West Looe, Cornwall. 4to. 6d. Buckland.*

This may be called a sermon with just the same propriety as its auditors may be called the clergy. The clergy !—We are no friends to this affectation. It is a piece of *foppery* that the old presbyterian ministers would have equally disdained with the gown and cassock—an habiliment which the *dissenting clergy* are also fond of tricking themselves out in, to the great grievance of the good old votaries of the cloak, and the derision of the clergy, indeed.

No ! Sir Harry ! this is no *sermon*, but a kind of an academical declamation that can only be reduced to that species of pulpit harangue which Dr. Eachard in his “Contempt of the clergy,” calls high, tantrum stuff.” We have already given our sentiments pretty freely on this puerile ambition of saying fine things in the pulpits (*ad captandum vulgus*) in our late critique on Dr. Colin Milne's charity sermon. And whenever we see the simplicity of the gospel sacrificed to gaudiness,

diness, and loose, disjointed, inflated rhapsodies, borrowing the respectable name of sermons, we shall not be awed by titles or degrees, nor silenced even by the vote of a synod; but as faithful critics and avowed friends to the cause of ancient christianity, and solid learning, we will chastise all modern innovators of every denomination, rank, and character, from the pagan chapel in Margaret-street, to the presbyterian church in West-Looe, with equal freedom and impartiality, remembering as critics as well as christians that it is incumbent on us to "render to all their due."

If Sir Harry Trelawny is a young man (which from two very rapid conversions we are led to conjecture, as well as from some other circumstances very apparent in this performance) we have good hopes that he will in time be a convert to *sound sense*. A conversion of this kind will indeed hazard his popularity (if he hath any) but it will amply recompense for what his friends may call an apostacy from *sound doctrine*. This is a resolution we do not despair of announcing in our review, at the proper period for an event of this nature, for *nemo repente fit sapiens*. We think we discern even in this sermon some faint dawnings of this more important conversion; and we hope it will "shine more and more unto the perfect day." At that period the sensible and experienced Sir Harry will be ashamed of the methodist and the Presbyterian baronet, and regret most heartily that to please one class of people he sent his "confession of faith" and to give a foolish triumph to another, he sent his "Sermon" to the press, with their "imperfections on their heads."

The text of our knight of the conventicle is, "We are workers together with God." A Text very flattering to the vanity of the priesthood, from the conclave at Rome to the lowest emigrant from the foundery. Sir Harry hath made the most of this text; and eagerly catching at the vast consequence which it gives to "the watchmen of the holy city," he swells beyond the limits of creation, and is ready in the pride of immortality to mock old time, and to say with the foolish children to the prophet Elifha, "Go up, thou bald head, go!"

But let Sir Harry speak in his own language, for ours falls infinitely below it.

"And none but himself is his own parallel."—Hear him. —"Are we then called to co-operate with one so high, so glorious, so majestic? How animating, how condescending the thought! In the support of the universe we are, indeed, fellow-labourers with the Divine Being."—A modest confession, one would think! But the concession is only a figure to

rhetoric, called (if we mistake not) *epanorthosis*, which by yielding a little secures a great deal, and only retreats to facilitate an advance.—Ministers indeed do not uphold the universe. “But,” says Sir Harry, “*our office is most noble, to be guardians of the world, were we qualified, would be doubtless high honour. To be guardians of the divine image stamped on the human soul is far higher honour : and this honour have all christian ministers.*”

“Engaged with the deity in the same glorious work, we find the characters of divinity imprinted on our profession, It is eternal. It is compleatly useful.

“The builders of Egyptian pyramids, of magnificent temples, of stately palaces, can now form no more designs of improvement or astonish the world with still greater wonders of architecture. The painter whose *portraits* reflect honour upon the art for successive ages is rudely hurried from an unfinished piece by the king of terrors.”—Most uncourteous treatment of this terrible old king not to suffer the poor painter to finish his piece ! Had he been about an historical piece it would have been the same : for alas ! the brush is no spear, the pallet no shield, to keep off this remorseless enemy ! From the limner Sir Harry flies, (for though a *rational* divine, he hath still his flights) over “a great gulf that lies between ;” and pays his compliments to “the statesman, the general, and the prince,” and condescends to acknowledge that “they too shine in their day ; that their lives are advantageous to their country. They shed blessings, it may be on the next, or a third generation. But”—(for it was necessary to qualify the compliment, since your *mere men of this world* cannot bear much praise from so high an authority, without running the hazard of losing their humility) “but,” says Sir Harry, “all earthly perfection hath its end. *We* the christian clergy can look beyond the grave, and see our work continued to everlasting : when all the stupendous works of the world are destroyed, and the wisdom of ages returns to darkness, and the riches of nations mingle with original *nothing*, the human mind *formed by us* to the enjoyment of the Deity, shall arise to more glorious accomplishments. When, but (to use Sir Harry’s words) we are “deterred by the immense prospect through the vast regions of space : imagination is wearied with the boundless excursion, and become incapable of advancing.—Then pause we,”—And indeed we too think it high time.



*A Discourse which obtained the Premium in the Academy of Marseilles, in the Year 1777. By M. Liguier, Merchant of Marseilles. Translated from the French. 12mo. 2s. Doddsley.*

The spirit of singularity, which, about thirty years ago excited the famous J. J. Rousseau to decry the moral effects of the sciences, in answer to a question proposed by the academy of Dijon, seems to have animated M. Liguier to attempt to depreciate in the same manner the moral effects of commerce, in reply to the following question, proposed in like manner by the academy of Marseilles. "What has been at all times the influence of commerce upon the manners and genius of the people?" Mr. Liguier's reply also, like that of Rousseau, serves only to prove that the best of sublunary enjoyments may be carried to excess, and that men may know and possess too much, for their ease and quiet, as well as too little; their declamation on these subjects only serving as a trite commentary on the trite adage, *est modus in rebus*, a mighty discovery truly! That our judgment of this discourse is rightly formed, may perhaps be gathered by the discerning reader from the concluding paragraph of this ingenious little production.

"So many humiliating truths are undoubtedly sufficient to prove that riches and luxury, the necessary consequences of foreign commerce, have at all times produced a dissoluteness of manners.—— "What!" say you, "must we burn all our ships? Must we block up our ports? Renounce all the wonders that our industry has produced, and return to our rural employments and simplicity of manners?" Stay, gentlemen!—In pointing out the evils which commerce occasions, I have not pretended to seek for the remedy. I confess, however, that the more we reflect upon this silly passion for commerce, which leads men to destroy themselves, to tempt the dangers of the ocean, and bury themselves in unsalutary climates, for sterile enjoyments, the more strongly we are induced to conclude, that men can never recover their losses, and taste the pure fountain of peace and serenity, till they have learnt, from experience, that there is no real happiness, but in the possession and peaceable cultivation of their lands, and that the only traffic which is of real utility, is that which nature has circumscribed in a state, by the number of its inhabitants, and the fruits of its soil. The investigation of this point would be worthy the labours of this enlightened age, and the execution might perhaps be hereafter effected, under the direction of a wise legislature. But if this idea is merely chimerical; if we can no longer support the privation of a great number of enjoyments and imaginary pleasures; if our tainted souls are no longer capable of tasting the sweetness of a quiet and uniform life, I will say to the nations, and above all to my own, "Since a foreign commerce is now become necessary, let us try at least to

give it some limitations, and never forget that it has always occasioned the ruin of the people who have carried it to excess.

"I could wish my countrymen would cease to exclaim that commerce is too little respected, and that the nobility should interest themselves in it. It seems they are afraid of a failure of merchants, or having too much blood among them to shed for the good of their country. Whose fault is that the spirit of commerce is incompatible with military genius? Interest has already corrupted our families, blended our conditions, extinguished the old spirit of honour, and overturned the manners of our ancestors. When Louis XIV. took the resolution to assemble the nobility of his realm, to conquer or be buried along with them in the ruins of his throne; that intrepid militia would have crushed the whole power of Europe united. But they must know little of the spirit of commerce who think that a set of merchants would relinquish their all, in search of a grave.\*

"Beware of confounding nobility and commerce; let there always be between them such a distinction as will preserve amongst the nobles the love of glory and disinterestedness, and will excite the French merchants to a continuance in the honourable exercises

\* To form a proper judgment of the spirit of commerce and its effects, we should cast an eye upon those people who are solely supported by it. See by what means the Dutch have established an exclusive trade with Japan. Nobody is ignorant that Louvois purchased of them that ammunition with which their country was conquered. "It is not at all surprising," says Voltaire upon this subject, "that tradesmen should sell these stores before the declaration of war, when they sell them every day to the enemy in the midst of the hottest campaigns." The answer, which a merchant of this country made to Prince Maurice, who reprimanded him for this traffic, is well known. "My Lord," said he, "if there was a prospect of carrying on by sea an advantageous commerce with Hell, I would risk the burning of my sails to establish it." [*Essai sur l'Hist. gen.*] Holland rich, tolerant, industrious and free, seems calculated for the encouragement of the arts and sciences. However, though an adept in the science of commerce, the progress of genius owes nothing to her, it is one of those countries wherein letters are the least cultivated. Their scanty soil being moist, marshy, and fit only for pasturage, which requires no cultivation, her people are all sailors instead of husbandmen; and that alone is an effectual bar to good manners. "What a vast difference do we see between the rusticity of the peasant, and the drunkenness of the sea-faring people; between the rude pastimes of the one, and the shameful debaucheries of the other!" An infinite number of public places of prostitution and drunkenness is open at all times at Amsterdam,† with the countenance of the police, being deemed indispensably necessary for the protection of honest people from the licentiousness of the mariners. But have we ever heard of the necessity for so infamous a diversion in the country, to divert the passion of the peasantry, or that to keep them from barbarity it was requisite to make them vicious? They talk a great deal of the laborious life, the simplicity of dress, and the economy of some commercial republics; but these are only virtues in as far as they are subservient to the exercise of others: without this consideration, the miser would be the most virtuous of all men; for no one possesseth these qualities in so eminent a degree.

† With Mr. Liguier's leave, this is an infinite exaggeration, and a great misrepresentation of the prudent police of Amsterdam. There is not one public place of prostitution or drunkenness open, at any time, under countenance of the police of that city.

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of their profession to merit that nobility to which they aspire, and which they so eagerly thirst after.

“ For you, ye happy inhabitants of the country, in whose dwellings both nature and manners still find an asylum, quit not your peaceful mansions in search of that fortune which would cost you a thousand sighs of repentance before ye obtained it, and whose enjoyment would never recompense you for the obscure but tranquil days which ye must sacrifice to it. Learn to content yourselves with a life of ease and simplicity, so preferable to the bustling and tumultuous life of our cities, where the thirst for riches is turned into madness, and the love of pleasures is become a delirium, and whence commerce has banished for ever that moderation which is the source of all felicity, and the safeguard of yours.

*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis  
Ut prisca gens, moraliū  
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis  
Solutus omni fanore.*

HOR.

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*A Sermon delivered to a Congregation of Protestant Dissenters, at Hackney, on the 10th of February, the Day appointed for a General Fast. By Richard Price, D. D. 1s. Cadell.*

This sermon is preached from Genesis xviii. v. 32. “ And he said; Oh, let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once; peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake.” From these words the preacher takes occasion to draw the picture of those true patriots, for whose sake the hand of Providence frequently spares a sinful people; pointing out the necessity of relying on such men in cases of national danger and distress. In doing this, he attempts to reconcile such reliance with his general political principles respecting government; observing that “ the sovereignty in every country belongs to the people; and that it is a sad mistake to think, that private men have nothing to do with the administration of public affairs, or that there are *mysteries* in civil government; of which they are not judges.” The inference, which our preacher draws from this argument, is in fact, a *sélo de sé*. That the sovereignty in every country belongs to the people, is most certain. But what are the rights of the sovereignty? The powers of constituting the legislative and executive form of government, and the privileges

of appointing particular persons to exert the delegated power of that constitution. What have these powers and privileges to do with the *immediate administration of public affairs*? This is not the office of the *sovereignty*, but that of those *deputies or representatives*, to whom the *sovereignty* of the people have delegated it. That private men have nothing to do with the administration of *public affairs*, any farther than as *private men*, is therefore obvious. And, though it may be a *sad thing* that there should be so much occasion for artificial *mystery* in the administration of civil government; we are persuaded it it would be a *worse thing*, if such *mystery* were exposed to the profane eyes of the vulgar. Indeed, the business of civil government, in a great state, is so complicated, as to render the conduct of it naturally mysterious enough, and far above the immediate comprehension of persons in private life. The French cit, in the play, indeed, tells Harlequin, on being asked, if he thinks he could fill the office of secretary of state, replies, with a true citizen self-sufficiency, *aussi bien qu'un autre*: and yet, if Harlequin had presumed on a knowledge in the occupation of the cit, there is no doubt, but the latter would have been ready with the proverbial reply, "there is a mystery in all trades." There is at least, *mystery* enough in our preacher's profession, to induce him, one would think, to confine himself to the investigation and exposition of *religious* mysteries, without entering thus unbecomingly into those of politics: a science, of whose principles he entertains but a very imperfect and inadequate idea, notwithstanding the popularity he hath acquired, on that account, among his partizans.

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*Six old Plays, on which Shakespear founded his Measure for Measure, his Comedy of Errors, the Taming of the Shrew, King John, Henry IV. and V. and King Lear. 2 vol. small 8vo. 8s. Leacroft.*

We should not wonder, if on the perusal of the ingenious Mrs. Leno's Shakespear Illustrated, Mr. Steevens's last edition of Shakespear's plays, and the present edition of the six old plays, on which the abovementioned comedies are founded, some free-thinkers among our play-going critics should be unhinged in their dramatic principles, and withhold part

*A Monody to the Memory of David Garrick.* 349

of their faith from the god of their idolatry, our immortal poet. Certain it is, that we may very logically infer, from the premises, that, however superior and original was the genius of Shakespeare, in delineating the secret motions of the human heart, and in depicting the public manners of men in his dialogue, he seldom submitted to the labour of invention, in suggesting facts, and contriving the conduct of his plot. To say the truth, though it border on theatrical treason; Shakespeare was far from being an adept in what the moderns call dramatic composition; which the tiny play-wrights of the day impute to the possession of *dramatic genius*; though, God knows! there is no more natural genius required, to make a man master of it, than he may acquire by serving an apprenticeship behind the scenes, under the players. And yet, by the help of this *connoisseurship in stage-effect*, have the *petit-pieces* of a Foote and a Colman borne away the applause from even some *Shakespearian* productions. Should the superficial admirers, we say, of this artificial part of the drama take umbrage at the freedom with which Shakespeare has borrowed from his predecessors and contemporaries, it would not be surprising if they should load his memory with the degrading appellations of a *compiler*, an *imitator*, and a *plagiary*, as they do the names of a Murphy, a Cumberland, or a Kenrick.

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*A Monody on the Death of David Garrick, Esq. To which is added Charity, a Paraphrase on the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. Poems written for the Vase at Bath-Easton. By William Meyler. 4to. 1s. Brown.*

This Monody might go down well enough at Bath-Easton, but, like land-carriage fish, it seems to have suffered by the delay in bringing it up to London. As to Mr. Meyler's paraphrase on Charity, the matter of it precludes any severe stricture on its manners.

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*A Monody to the Memory of David Garrick, Esq. 3vo. 6d. Harrison.*

It

It is somewhat remarkable, that, among all the poetical admirers of our English Roscius, there should not be found one capable of making a good elegy on his death. Even the genial powers of young Sheridan seemed to be so checked by the circumstance of his predecessor's decease, that they appeared frost-nipt, though cloathed in the warmest winter-suit of theatrical pageantry. To speak the truth, the MUSES, with, and upon, whom he lived, appear to be affected by his death, just as would be a grateful covey of King's-Place whores with the death of the bawd that superintends their nunnery.

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*A Letter to Dr. Fordyce, in Answer to his Sermon on the delusive and persecuting Spirit of Popery.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinson.

Mr. Berrington (the redoubted antagonist of Dr. Priestley, in respect to *materialism*, and who was so highly offended at our supposing him a man of straw, purposely set up to be knocked down) is here engaged with another popular, presbyterian divine, in defence of popery. But, as we do not love to interfere with religious disputes, we leave them to battle it out *pugnis, pedibus, fustibus*, each *suo modo*:

\* \* \*

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*The Revelation of St. John historically explained; not compiled from Commentators and other Authors, but an Original; written by John James Bachmair, M. A.* 8vo. 5s. Dodsley.

Mr. John James Bachmair is not *altogether* so original as he seems to insinuate; but he is not the less *extraordinary* for that: for he surpasses all the *originals* in their own way; appealing even to the *Pope* himself whether he be not the whore-bearing beast of the Apocalypse.

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*The Distracted Lover, a Poem.* 4to. 1s. 6d. Davies.

Written on the melancholy subject of Mr. Hackman and Miss Ray. The thoughts are animated and poetical, and the versification harmonious and forcible:

\* \* \*

*Reflec-*



*Reflections on the Death of Miss Martha Ray.* 4to. 6d. Har-  
rison and Co.

Had this writer reflected as much on his own verses, as he affects to have done on the subject of them, we conceive he would have spared himself the trouble of publishing, and us the labour of reviewing, them. \* \* \*

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*Ode to the Naval Officers of Great-Britain.* By W. Mason,  
M. A. 4to. 6d. Cadell.

As Dr. Akenfide wrote an occasional ode to the *country gentlemen*, so Mr. Mason seems to have been inspired by the same motive, to address an ode to the naval officers of Great-Britain. But, though inferior writers may find themselves under the necessity of catching at a popular occasion, to gain a little transient popularity, it is an expedient unworthy of a man of real reputation and true genius. The consequence generally is, as in the present case, he succeeds accordingly, and, instead of genuine, unbiassed applause, obtains only the partial reward of a prostituted and prostituting party. \* \* \*

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*Dr. Falck's Guardian of Health.* By N. D. Falck, M. D.  
Small Octavo. 4s. Law.

This little volume is written in Dr. Falck's usual declamatory way, with a zeal for knowledge, if not always with knowledge. We are glad, however, that the Doctor hath put health under the charge of the constable, as we may be now certain, that, by applying to him, we may have her always forth-coming. \*\*

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*Hermit of the Rock, or the History of the Marchioness de Lau-  
sanne and the Comte de Leury.* Translated from a French Ma-  
nuscript. 12mo. 3 vols. 9s. bound. Noble.

So furious *lust*, through strainers well refined,  
Is gentle *love*, and charms all womankind.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the London Reviewers.*

SIRs,

I shall not address you by the usual title of *Gentlemen*, because I think it is an appellation you have no right to. Nor do I address you under any expectation of your complying with a demand, which I think proper nevertheless to make, in order to justify the mode of proceeding that will take place on your refusal. The demand is, that you will insert the following copy of verses with the notes annexed, in the correspondence to your next review. If the signature K. did not confirm it, it were in vain for your editor to deny that he wrote the cruel and abusive article in your last month's review, on the rev. Mr. David Williams's letter, on intellectual liberty, to Sir George Savile; a performance that does honour to the liberality of the writer's thinking, and will be remembered in the annals of literature, when the *London Review* shall be buried in oblivion and forgotten. The fashion of the times is to make *reprisals*, and there is no author who hath more right to *retaliation* than my friend; in whose behalf I have scribbled what I dare you and your editor to insert; not fearing to attack an opponent so universally vulnerable even on his own ground.

Yours, &amp;c.

May 7, 1779.

A. B.

The *London Reviewers* might think themselves fully justified in refusing to comply with the above rude and menacing demand; as the angry verse-writer had not the patience to wait till the publication of their review, before he caused his curious verses and notes to be printed in a public newspaper. To convince this doughty correspondent, however, that our editor is neither so vulnerable nor so fearful of being wounded as he imagines, we have complied with his demand; doing him, at the same time, the favour to correct some little mistakes into which, in the ardour of his friendship he has fallen, either from the precipitation of his resentment, or the misconceptions of his ignorance. We cannot help expressing our wish, nevertheless, that Mr. David Williams, instead of thus making reprisals, as A. B. calls it, at second-hand, had addressed us himself in a civil remonstrance against such strictures as appear to have offended him. We should have allowed him the fullest scope of retribution, and have either justified or exculpated ourselves, or stood self-accused with respect to the having done him any injury.

To

To Dr. K — N R — C K,

*On being informed that he intended to stand a Candidate for Holy Orders.*§

Alas, poor K-nr-ck! hast thou found,  
At length, that art is but a strumpet!  
Though harrafs'd with th' incessant found,  
Will none believe thy puffing trumpet!

Can all thy Merry Andrew's tricks  
No longer cheat the vulgar eye?  
And though self-love each packet mix,  
Will scarce a single shilling fly.

Oh! how hath learning wink'd at sense,  
To see on his \*Reviewing stage  
The quack his rotten-post dispense,  
And prate like magpye in his cage!

" All you whom watery gripes attack,  
" Or windy qualms of moral fitness,  
" My paste will ease you in a crack,  
" Stand forth, † Lorenzo, and be witness.

§ Where A. B. could pick up this piece of misinformation, we know not: perhaps he founded it on the circumstance of our editor's being lately complimented with the degree of Doctor of Divinity by a Dutch university: or perhaps on that of Dr. K.'s youngest son's preparing himself for ordination.

\* There is a pretended review of books by W. Kenrick, alias Campbell, alias Johnson, alias Maty; in which every production of talents and genius is mangled with an ignorant and malignant effrontery peculiar to the author.\*

† Epistles to Lorenzo. Verses of K——, without poetry.†

\* It is a pity Mr. A. B. did not properly inform himself of the names of the London Reviewers, before he presumed to mention those of gentlemen, who never wrote or were pretended to write a line in their work.

† If A. B. had said poetry without verse, it had been nearer the truth: the allusions and images, in the Epistles to Lorenzo, being, for the most part, as poetical as the argument is moral and philosophical: and, though a number of lame lines may well be found in a production that was originally written almost extempore, and has never been since corrected, we apprehend the best versifiers in the kingdom would find themselves equally at fault in treating such abstruse subjects in rhyme. Add to this, that our editor does not, nor does it appear he ever did, pique himself on poetical composition, although it is well known by such as are personally intimate with him, that no writer living perhaps composes verses (and that good ones too when he has a mind to it) with more facility than Dr. K——. The absurdity of judging of a writer's talent for versification, from a number of inharmonious lines that may have escaped him in a long and multifarious composition, is obvious to every candid critic. What would be said to a carper who should infer Milton's want of talents for versification from the very considerable number of execrably-prosaic lines in his *Paradise lost*, the best poem in our language!—And what shall be said to the very high encomiums passed, both on the poetical as well as philosophical merit of the Epistles to Lorenzo, by the Monthly and Critical Reviewers, in their first publication, when the name of the author was not known!

VOL. IX.

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" To

- " To cure, my friends, your costive ills,  
 " Swallow no weak and trifling potion ;  
 " A dose of my †Orffyrus' pills,  
 " Shall give you a perpetual motion.  
 " That none hereafter may complain  
 " Of drooping rheum, catarrh, and phthisicks,  
 " To heal the lungs, and heal the brain,  
 " Here's quintessence of metaphysicks ! §  
 " When reason fails, my salve of grace,  
 " Religious nodes, and tophs discusses ;  
 " And if a rupture be the case,  
 " I sell the true elastic trusses.  
 " Form'd by unknown mechanic rules,  
 " With subtle threads of matter rare ;  
 " All other trass-makers are fools,  
 " But these will fit you to a hair.  
 " Ye nervous maids, who pine away,  
 " Whose features fade with sickness green ;  
 " To clothe your cheeks in beauty's ray,  
 " Purchase my wondrous oil of spleen.  
 " From Falstaff's || skeleton distill'd,  
 " These magic drops will help frigidity,  
 " See with true wit the phial fill'd,  
 " No froth, no cloud, or insipidity !

† He tried to exhibit proofs of the possibility of a perpetual motion, in the manner of Jonas and Bresslaw ; but he had not the talents or the character of the above gentlemen. †

§ See his abusive articles on all those publications where metaphysics are introduced.

|| A wretched imitation of Shakespeare, in the form of a play, which was damned in the representation. ||

† If a lie be, in prose and verse, as the poet says, the same ; we leave our readers to call A. B. by his proper name. The manner in which Dr. K. some years ago attempted to prove the practicability of the perpetual motion, was not that of either a Jonas or Bresslaw, but that of a Bernouilli, a Gravesande, and a Newton. A. B. tells a truth, however, in saying that our editor had neither the talents nor character of the former gentlemen : there is indeed a wide difference between the abilities of men of science and literature, and those of a juggler ; even as much as there is between an orthodox divine, and what the Bishop of Gloucester pertinently calls a paganized Christian.

It has been elsewhere hinted, in our present Review, that it is not for writers to ridicule the principles of false science, who are ignorant of the true. The connoisseurs of the discovery of Orffyreus, may now soon have an opportunity of seeing it revived by one of his own countrymen, as well as by Dr. K.

|| Had Mr. David Williams's friend been present, at Drury-Lane, when the comedy of Falstaff's Wedding was first played, the reiterated bursts of laughter, the proofs of involuntary applause which were echoed through the theatre, from the beginning to the end of the play, would hardly have passed upon him for a sign of its being damn'd.—The reason of its not being again represented on the London theatres, is set forth in the author's printed letter to the late D. Garrick, Esq. on the occasion. But, were it otherwise, the damnation of a comedy on the stage is no proof of its demerit. nor, if it were, doth Dr. K. value himself on writing plays, or is he at all solicitous about his theatrical salvation.

" I'm the rare doctor of the age,  
 " Each drug I sell is admirable ;  
 " Come, throw your kerchiefs on the stage,  
 " For all my aurum is potable."

Is this the fact ? Nay, then 'tis time  
 Some fresh imposture to essay ;  
 But now more serious grows my rhyme,  
 For liquid gold no debts will pay.

What can that working brain conceive ?  
 Where will the hunted fox retreat ?  
 Ever accustomed to deceive,  
 What scheme remains ? what untry'd cheat ?

The muse will blab, for late she heard  
 This semi-Pagan, semi-Jew  
 (While cunning from his optics leer'd)  
 Profess, the church was now his view.

This scheme resolv'd on, day and night  
 He thumbs the Greek and Latin grammar,  
 For pity 'twere so sage a wight  
 Should in examination stammer.\*

Reform'd at once, and all his mind,  
 Intent on livings, stalls, and flocks ;  
 He gives his errors to the wind,  
 Inspir'd, enlighten'd, orthodox.

Varying with ev'ry gust that blew,  
 Now fix'd on Truth's firm basis, sure ;  
 Or like the Polar needle, true,  
 He points to some snug sine-cure.

Pseudo-mechanic, pseudo-critic,  
 And pseudo-pupil of the nine ;  
 In morals, lame and paralytic,  
 He's now a sound, sincere divine:

And that upon the golden coast,  
 His leaky boat may reach its station,  
 He deems it meet for aye to boast  
 His firm belief in revelation.

Now blessings on thy wily head !  
 May this last shift obtain success ;  
 Their guardian arms may bishops spread,  
 And the fictitious saint carefs.

\* Admitting the pretended occasion of these verses were even real, and that the author of *Observations Civil and Canonical*, &c. could be under any necessity to recur to the rudiments of either Latin or Greek, we see no reflection his doing so casts on our editor, but that of his being solicitous not to engage in a profession, without being duly qualified for it.

Still may'st thou sit on Wisdom's height,  
 With science fraught, as with latinity,  
 And still unrival'd may'st thou write,  
 Thy wit as true, as thy divinity.

*To the Authors of the London Review.*

GENTLEMEN,

Though you have, in your last Review, taken some slight notice of the first volume of Dr. Horsley's edition of Newton's works, yet as you have scarcely touched on his deviation from the terms of his printed proposals, and have neither given any enumeration, either of the parts of the work or its defects, I hope you will have no objections against inserting the following remarks on that performance, as they may give some idea of the work, and also perhaps be an inducement to the Doctor to endeavour to make the remainder more worthy of the public notice. I am, Gentlemen,

Your constant reader and admirer,

Hoxton, May 19, 1779.

R. B.

There seems to be a surprizing similarity between certain reverend commentators and those borderers that inhabit the northern banks of the Tweed; for as these when they cannot swim over the river themselves, drive an ox into the water, and pass by taking hold of his tail, so those, when incapable of producing any thing of their own worth the notice of posterity, endeavour to perpetuate their names by affixing their comments to the works of respectable authors: how far this motive may have influenced our present commentator, might be gathered from the volume before us; but as he informs the reader that his next is to be much superior, we shall defer that consideration till we see his future exploits, and only take notice at present of some few specimens of his skill as an editor in this first volume, which consists of the *Universal Arithmetic*; a piece on prime and ultimate ratios; some few extracts from the *Commercium Epistolicum*; the *Treatise on Quadratures*; the posthumous book of fluxions; the differential method, and the enumeration of lines of the third order; to which the editor has added two papers of his own, under the titles of *Logistica Infinitorum*, and *Geometria Fluxionum*.

In the first place he shews himself stronger than Hercules in breaking his word; for in his proposals we were told that geometrical constructions would be given to many of the problems in the universal arithmetic; but behold, he has not given a single construction, nor even so much as apologized for the omission; we were also promised a tract on the effect of solid problems, and that too with no small degree of pomp, but this is also omitted; we were promised occasional notes, and supplemental dissertations, wherein the new improvements were to be elucidated, and great great



things performed; and these promises were not only repeatedly made in both Latin and English, but even in taking our money he gave us promissory notes under his own hand that the books would be delivered according to his printed proposals; but instead of fulfilling his agreement, we are amused with a rhodomontade story, how he had wrote a commentary on the *Arithmetica Universalis*, and how it contained nineteen chapters, and how it was too big to be inserted, and how it might some time or other be published, and how the first thing in it was about Eratosthenes's sieve, and how at last—we were to have no commentary at all.—Certainly, if ever flagrant and barefaced imposition deserved the reprehension of the public, this does; for what benefit can it be to his subscribers to have their book swelled with a list of the chapters of a private comment that only exists in his closet, when they have paid their money, and are baulked in their expectations of finding it publicly in the book.

What omissions are mentioned hitherto, only relate to a single book, namely, the *Universal Arithmetic*; but we might the more readily have spared the Doctor's comment on this, had he kept his promise with regard to the original in others, especially after having seen our mathematical Bobadil so much planet-struck as he appears to be in the notes that he has vouchsafed to give us, for he says in his proposals, speaking of the first volume, "*This volume will also contain the piece de systemate mundi, and all the miscellaneous papers dispersed in the philosophical transactions or elsewhere, &c.*" Now of all these pieces there is not a single paper inserted in the whole volume! Neither has he inserted the *Commercium Epistolicum* which was particularly promised, excepting those few extracts published by Jones; and what is the more extraordinary, he never gives himself the least concern about any apology, as some modest people would awkwardly do, but after having omitted those pieces where they ought to have been, and of course put it out of his power to insert them any where after, but where they will be improper, he boldly tells us that the next book he begins the *Principia*, and there we may expect great things.

But this is not the only breach of promise the Doctor has been guilty of, for it was announced in his proposals that the treatise of quadratures was to be accompanied by Robins's *discourse on fluxions*, and Pemberton's *Epistola ad amicum de Cotesii inventis*; now as the last is both exceedingly scarce and elegant, and the former was never translated into Latin; what must foreigners and others think of the Doctor, that have been induced to subscribe in expectation of gratifying their curiosity by those excellent pieces, and find themselves so shockingly disappointed? If he expected his subscribers to consider his "*Geometry of Fluxions*" as an equivalent for the omission, he must have a wretched opinion of their discernment; for that heavy production, though evidently fabricated from the works of others, is so vague and indistinct, betrays such a confusion of ideas, and carries so much cloudy nothingness in the expression, that a man to relish it should be void of all taste whatever:

'tis true it is wrote in imitation of the works of the ancients, but his imitation is as much like theirs, as an apple is like an oyster.

As a specimen of his skill in transferring to the commentator what belongs to the author, see p. 11, where he calls algebraical expressions with surd indices, a *new species* of irrational quantities; now as the exponential calculus, which the foreigners have plumed themselves not a little upon, was fabricated from those surd indices, it would not have been amiss in the Doctor to have ascribed the invention to Newton himself, as this *new species* is mentioned by him in page 189 of the *Commercium Epistolicum*.

After having finish'd the universal arithmetic, he makes such a derangement in the order of the work as even Bentley himself would have been ashamed of; for though we were given to understand in the proposals that the work was not intended for beginners, yet here, under a pretence of some imaginary benefit to the learner, we have the first section of the *Principia* torn out of its place, and without any necessity dish'd up with an enormous heap of dull insipid comment: now either this piece will be inserted in its proper place again or not; if it be, this is quite needless here, since a reference thither would just have answered the learner's purpose as well, and we should not have had to pay for the same thing twice over; if it be not inserted, it will be an unprecedented liberty in an editor to alter the arrangement of the book, and this boasted edition will be imperfect.

The *Analysis per Equationes*, and *Excerpta ex Epistolis*, are treated quite in the stile of modern explication; for as the subjects are for the most part very easy, they are loaded with a dead weight of explanation and commentary, mostly consisting of trite extracts from books of mensuration and trigonometry: however they shew several instances of the Doctor's skill in avoiding difficulties, particularly in p. 293, where instead of shewing the grounds of a rule, and its use in the higher orders of fluxions, he contents himself with referring to Maclaurin's algebra, where it is not applied to fluxions at all; it is true he refers also to the 4th chapter of the *Geometria Analytica* for a better method, but like dictionaries that refer you backward and forward for two words of the same import without explaining either, he neither demonstrates one, nor shews the truth of the other.

Commentators have generally a strong propensity to be very solemn and consequential about trifles, but this editor is so exceedingly tedious and disgusting when he finds a minute fault, that one would suppose a press error appeared as formidable to his eyes as a louse in a microscope, for examples of which see p. 310, near half of which is spent in raving about a petty transposition of two signs; also p. 347, where there is a long note to little purpose about a trifling omission of the transcriber or printer; also p. 352 and 353, where Professor Stewart is ridiculously stigmatized as a plagiarist for omitting to quote Raphson as the detector of a small press error that no person with his eyes open could overlook, &c. &c.

As the treatise of quadratures has already been explained by Me-  
lander, Le Sueur, Jacquier, and several others, it is not to be  
wondered at that the Doctor has produced scarce any thing new  
thereon; that he has omitted the names of those three excellent  
authors, is exactly agreeable to his usual method of writing; how-  
ever, it was quite needless to express himself thus in p. 363, "*Ne-  
que verò nostra est hæc demonstratio sed Maclaurini,*" for that de-  
monstration, both in elegance and invention, is so totally different  
from any thing the Doctor ever produced, that he needed not to  
have been under the slightest apprehensions of its ever being mis-  
taken for his own; and the same may be said of that in p. 314,  
only there alas, the Doctor forgot to add, *Neque verò nostra est  
hæc, sed Viviani!* see Viviani de locis solidis, p. 9, and de max-  
et min. p. 39.

The Doctor has long been a reformer of points and syllables,  
though his endeavours have not met with the greatest approbation;  
thus, in the Philosophical Transactions he would not say a paper  
was read, but that it was "*redde*;" and here in the algebraical ex-  
pressions, he makes use of a sign to connect the numbers of a pro-  
duct together, different from that used by all other writers: now  
the parenthesis of the foreigners being the simplest character of  
any; if we must have innovations, *that* certainly ought to have had  
the preference; but when a character is introduced which tends  
only to mislead the reader, by inducing him to mistake it for a radi-  
cal that has lost its index; to render the printing of analytic sub-  
jects more tedious, difficult and expensive than before, and to an-  
swer no one good purpose besides whatever; it not only deserves  
the severest contempt, but shews "a most pitiful ambition in him  
that uses it."

As our editor thought proper to pass over the rule in page 294,  
by referring to the *Geometria Analytica*, we might have expected  
to find there the subject treated at some length; but alas, in page  
420, where there was so tempting an opportunity for a commenta-  
tor to shew his skill, by explaining and demonstrating that excel-  
lent rule, which separates the indeterminates, and finds the fluent  
at the same time, we have not so much as a note, but all is silent  
as the grave; however when he gets into plain road again, and  
comes to drawing tangents and finding areas, he shines away, and  
"holds his farthing candle to the sun," as usual.

The *Geometria Analytica* is followed by the *Methodus differ-  
entialis*, but though the "*Excerpta*" like a Siberian in furs, could  
scarcely be seen for comment, this is not so much as honoured  
with a single note, the reason of which may be easily accounted  
for.

The last of Newton's pieces in this volume, is the enumeration  
of lines of the third order; which according to the Doctor's pro-  
posals, was to have been accompanied by Stirling's illustration; but  
we have already had sufficient proofs of the Doctor's breach of  
promise without mentioning this, and shall therefore only observe  
that this piece likewise has not so much as a note.

The *Geometria fluxionum* will be considered hereafter, as well as some other pieces that are here but slightly touched; as to the small paper to which the Doctor has given the pompous title of *Logistica Infinitorum*, it might have been proper enough in an introduction to algebra, but to oblige his subscribers to purchase a piece that contains nothing but the common multiplication and division of series, by introducing such a thing into the works of Newton, is just a similar case to the jew broker in the play, that when he lends money obliges the borrower to take with it a lot of old frippery and Scotch paving stones.

I cannot finish these remarks without taking notice of a most uncharitable instance of unprovoked insult which the Doctor has wantonly thrown out against Stewart of Aberdeen in several places in this volume, by representing him as a plagiarist; as I have never seen Stewart's book I cannot say how much he may deserve the imputation; but be that as it may, Newton's work was no proper vehicle for conveying the effusions of the Doctor's bill to posterity, and he of all people ought to have been the last to have opened at the fount of plagiarism, for motives too many and flagrant here to enumerate.

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#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The correspondent who thinks we have treated a certain writer in the *West* with too much severity, in our critique on his own performance and that of his antagonist, should have pointed out the particulars in which our animadversions exceeded the limits of that free and impartial criticism on which we have hitherto conducted and intend at all times to conduct the London Review. General and indiscriminate reflections we heed not, but shall be ever disposed to retract any error into which we may have fallen, and shall never blush to make an apology for a mistake, when it is clearly proved to us that we have been betrayed into one.

As for the insinuation that personal and private resentment dictated the articles complained of, we shall not condescend to make any reply to it; and must say once for all, that if every person who thinks proper to start up as an author without the requisite qualifications, should take it into his head to call us to an account for giving such a character of his book as we are convinced it merits, we should find our employment exceed any patience but ours.

It is enough to review dull and insignificant performances, without entering into a controversy with every author, whose vanity is not gratified by our applause.

S. E. W. M. N. R.